THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"TOO LATE."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMILIE LESTER LEIGH.

Anna, my comforting angel,
Nestle closer to-night;
My heart is sore with an anguish
That cannot come to the light.
No other eyes must pity,—
No other lips must kiss,—
You have looked upon wilder sorrow,
Pity me, love, through this.

Anna, Anna, my blessing,
Let me whisper my pain.
You cannot understand it—
Let me tell it again.
What should you know of duty
Heartlessly cast aside?
What can you know of longings
To pardon those who have died?

Smiling? Golden haired idol!
Would you wile me from woe?
Anna, oh, innocent baby!
Would you smile did you know?
Three short years I have held you
Thus to my aching breast;
Birdie, the day is coming—
You must forsake your nest!

When you have learned to answer,
As you *will* learn some day,
Anna, comforting angel,
I must put you away.
Shut the door on my sorrow,
Sit alone in my grief,
Never-more daring to claim, dear,
Even this poor relief.

Darling, once more to my baby
Let me confess my sin;
I have not asked you to pardon,
Never hoped pardon to win.
Only a sweet caressing,
I shall not claim it when
You are a woman, sweetest,
You need not forgive me then.

They will tell you of wrongs so dreadful,
That your tender heart will ache
To remember your mother was living
Once for her baby's sake.
But for the one who has fallen
Down on the battle plain—
His is the lot for pity—
Unforgiven—and slain!

Darling, will you remember
Always this silent face,
You have covered with kisses,
Set in its jewelled case?
Anna, oh, Anna, when kneeling,
Saying "Our Father" to-night,
Did you know how I was hiding
My white, white face from the light?

"Forgive us as we forgive" were
The words you were saying then;
How shall we plead for mercy
Who forgive not our fellow men?
Sleeping? My folded rosebud!
Sleep like the rest of heaven!
And I might be sleeping beside you
If the dead came to be forgiven.

TEMPTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY J. ALLEN.

"Gaily we roam all day the mountain,
Fearless we wander where the glaciers shine,
Joyous at eve we seek the fountain,
Friends of the valley there with you to recline."

The voice was clear and sweet as that of a bird, and the face under the jaunty riding-hat matched the voice—not beautiful, but fresh and fair, with a soft, peachy bloom on the cheeks, and a look that did you good to see in the steadfast brown eyes. The sleek bay pony arched his neck and stepped proudly, as if he esteemed it no slight honor to carry his young mistress. Truth to tell, Jessie Wentworth had a great liking for horses, and a special affection for this particular one of the equine race, who had been her especial property from his colthood up. His name, too—Lightfoot—was one of her own choosing. Jessie well remembered how, when a little girl, she had fed Lightfoot's mother from her hand; and what proud glances the gentle creature cast on her offspring, who was then an awkward-looking little thing, as colts are apt to be, nearly all legs. But he had improved wonderfully as he grew up, and now there was not a finer horse for miles around; and she patted his glossy neck, and spoke cheerfully to him as he cantered briskly along.

The road just here was very quiet and lonely, with a dark growth of trees on one side—large trees, from which depended long, trailing vines—and on the other, fields stretching far away to the river which flowed sluggishly along, while at intervals little clouds of smoke curling upward above the trees which fringed the banks told where a steamboat was ploughing its way, and a sharp whistle sounded out on the still air as the puffing steamer rounded-to at some one of the many landings; but other sight or sound of human habitation there was none.

Jessie's eyes were fixed on a cluster of brilliant blossoms depending from a vine a little distance above her head.

"They are lovely. I wonder if I can't reach them."

An artist would have admired the graceful *pose* of her figure as she stood up for an instant in the stirrup; but the flowers still swayed back and forth, just out of her reach.

"It will never do to give it up so, Lightfoot," she said, playfully addressing the horse. Lightfoot turned his head around to look, as if signifying that he was all attention.

"It will never do to give it up so. I can reach them by standing in the saddle, and there is no one to see. Steady, Lightfoot, steady. So."

The obedient animal stood like a rock, and coiling the bridle loosely about her wrist—first gathering up her long skirts so as to free her foot—the young girl stepped fearlessly into the saddle.

The coveted blossoms were in her hand, when there came the clear, sharp report of a gun, and a ball whizzed past Lightfoot's head. He made a slight, involuntary movement—only one, but it caused Jessie to lose her balance, and she fell heavily to the ground with one foot doubled under her, while an agonizing pain in her right arm told that it, too, was injured. Nearly fainting with pain she lay still a moment, unable to move.

Presently there came a cry of "Mad dog! mad dog!" and, looking up hastily, she saw coming along the road toward her a large dog belonging to one of her neighbors. He was a shaggy Newfoundland, good-natured and frolicsome as a kitten. She had romped with him many and many a time; but now her very heart stood still, for his strange motions, and the foam at his mouth told that he was mad. Behind him came a party of men in hot pursuit, some on foot, some on horseback, all armed. They had not seen Jessie—all eyes were fixed on the dog, and he was making straight for her.

Lightfoot saw the danger and quivered in every limb, but did not stir. The bridle was still around her wrist; she had not thought to remove it, and her fall had tightened it till the leather cut into the flesh. I believe the sagacious animal knew that if he attempted to run his mistress must surely be killed.

Nearer and nearer came the dog. Jessie made one desperate effort to rise and get out of the way; but finding that impossible sank down again, covering her face with her hands, for, woman-like, she could not bear to *see* her death.

She had not seen a stranger, who, riding leisurely from the opposite direction, knew nothing of what was transpiring till he was directly upon the scene. With one quick glance he took it all in. The men were still at some distance—they could not possibly come up in time to save the young girl who lay passively awaiting her fate.

The stranger was a man of steady nerves, quick to decide, prompt in carrying out his decision. Spurring his own horse into a sharp gallop he reined up beside Jessie, and quickly dismounting, placed himself between her and the dog, which was now so near that the dull glare of its eyes could be seen as it came on, turning neither to the right or the left. One glance along the shining barrel of the pistol in the stranger's hand, a loud, sudden report, and the shaggy brute rolled over on its side in the agonies of death.

A low cry that was half a sob broke from Jessie's lips as she realized that she was saved. The gentleman knelt down on the grass beside her and lifted her head on his arm, asking her if she was hurt.

"Not much, thank you. Only my arm—it is broken, I think—and my ankle—I fell from my horse and sprained it so that I could not get away when the dog came. You have saved me from a horrible death. I can never thank you as I ought," looking up in his face with an expression that he will remember to his dying day.

She was badly hurt, though she would not admit it then. She was suffering tortures—her white lips and the cold damp on her forehead told that. Her hat, crushed and broken by her fall, hung by its long ribbons from her neck, and her hair, escaped from the net, fell in a soft, shining mass on her shoulders.

The gentleman laid her head down gently, and rose to his feet as the little party of excited men came hurrying up.

"You did it well, stranger," said the foremost, admiringly. "But hallo! What's this?" as his eye fell on Jessie. The looks of the rest asked the same question, though they kept silence. "Deacon Wentworth's darter, as I live!"

The stranger, still standing between Jessie and the crowd of men said civilly:

"Miss Wentworth, if that is the lady's name, fell from her horse just before the dog came along, and was so badly injured that she could not move out of his way."

"And so you stood there in the road between her and death, shot him down like a man!" cried the burly farmer with more emphasis than clearness or elegance of diction. "Sir, you're a tip-top fine man. I can swear to that, though I never set eyes on ye afore!" And the others looked as if they fully indorsed this sentiment.

The stranger smiled a little at the odd compliment, coming so unexpectedly; but only said, quietly,

"Thank you for your good opinion. And now if you'll please tell me where Mr. Wentworth lives, we'll have this young lady taken home."

"Sartain, sartain. His house aint mor'n a half a mile from here; and I reckon I'd best go straight and tell him about this hyar accident the first thing, so's he can bring a spring wagon or some easy-going thing after her. If she's bad hurt, she can't ride horseback, sure."

And the man hurried away, while most of the others gathered about the dog that had just been killed, talking of the feat that had been performed, and devising ways and means of disposing of the body.

Jessie lay very still, with closed eyes and lips shut tightly, trying to repress all outward indications of the pain she was enduring; while the gentleman who had come so opportunely to her rescue, stood near—as if to keep guard over her.

"If father and Aunt Martha were only here!"

While the whispered wish was still on her lips, they came. A hale, sunburnt, old man, and an elderly woman, followed by the person who had acted as spokesman a little while before.

"Oh! Jessie, Jessie!" cried the woman.

The father bent over his girl anxiously.

"Are you very badly hurt, my daughter?"

"Not very, I hope."

She tried to smile and speak cheerfully, so as not to excite his fears; but it was hard work; and when he lifted her to put her into the wagon she gave a little gasping cry, and fainted dead away in his arms.

The father looked frightened, and Aunt Martha wrung her hands in dismay; but the strange gentleman dipped his handkerchief in a creek that crossed the road a little way off, and sprinkled her face, saying gravely as he did so,

"I am a physician, sir, and would advise you to take the young lady home, and send for medical help as quickly as possible. Her arm is broken, and delay is dangerous."

"I will, sir. You're the gentleman that saved my girl's life. I can never repay you for what you've done already; but I'm going to ask you to do me another favor on top of it. Our doctor lives eight miles from here; and as you say delay is dangerous, will you come with us and set her arm?"

"Certainly I will, sir." And the cortege moved slowly on towards the farm-house. Arrived there, Jessie was lifted carefully out and carried into her own room.

"Water and bandages, if you please. Some brandy, too, if you have it," demanded the surgeon, as with a sharp knife he ripped her sleeve from the shoulder; and in a short time—though it seemed an age to Jessie—the broken arm was set, and the dislocated ankle jerked into place. With all the physician's skill and gentleness the operation was a very painful one—the parts being so much swollen; but it was over at last, and she lay back, white and exhausted.

The doctor himself wrapped the light coverlet about her; and raising her head arranged her pillow deftly as a woman could have done it. She lifted her eyes as he was moving away, and spoke some words of thanks and gratitude, but he stopped her gently.

"Don't speak of that now. I am glad indeed to have been of any service to you, and I have had my reward."

His eyes told her *what* the reward was; and she dropped asleep after awhile, thinking how kind he had been—how much he had done for her, though he was only a stranger, and she did not even know his name.

Mr. Wentworth drew a long breath of relief as he went with his guest down the stairs; and for a long time the two men sat on the piazza, while Miss Martha prepared tea. The doctor, whose name was Marcy, put aside the old man's thanks courteously.

"It was the merest accident that I arrived when I did; and for the rest, sir, you or any *man* would have done the same."

Joshua Wentworth knew in his secret heart that he would, but the fact did not lessen his gratitude.

"Besides," pursued the physician, smiling, "it's my business to save life when I can—though I generally employ a different agency, from the one I used to-day. Gunpowder isn't a recognised remedy in medical practice yet."

"I suppose not," returned the deacon, won to a smile. "I believe you are a stranger in this part of the country, doctor?"

"Yes, nearly so. I reside in the city; but usually run into the country for a little while in the heat of the summer. I'm stopping at the Farmer's Rest, in your county town just at present."

Then the conversation branched off to other topics.

When Doctor Marcy took his departure that evening, Mr. Wentworth went with him to the gate. The physician guessed what was in the old man's mind.

"Shall I come out to-morrow, and bring some medicine for Miss Jessie?"

"The very question I wanted to ask you, only I hated to, because you didn't come out here to practice; but I should take it as a favor, if you would come—for I feel safer, like, to trust her with you than with Doctor Sharpe."

A strange expression crossed Robert Marcy's face. In the city where he was known, parents were not accustomed to trust their young daughters so confidently to his care; but he only said,

"Thank you. I will do so then."

"And—doctor—"

"Sir?"

The physician was politely attentive.

"You told me a while ago, that my house was very homelike and pleasant. If you really think so, suppose you stop with us while you stay in the country?"

Mr. Wentworth said this with the air of one who felt a little doubtful as to how the invitation will be received.

Doctor Marcy saw the cordiality under the doubtful tone, and answered readily,

"Nothing could please me better. To tell the truth, I am not very well suited with my quarters at the hotel, and shall be glad to make the change."

So it was settled that he was to come on the morrow, and after a word or two more the guest rode away, lifting his hat to Miss Martha, who stood in the doorway, and bowing a good-night to the deacon. Mr. Wentworth looked after him musingly.

"He's got a good voice and a true eye, and I like him."

There were people in the city who would have smiled at the old man's opinion. Men shrugged their shoulders when Robert Marcy's name was mentioned, hinting darkly at heavy losses by play, hard drinking in saloons and bar-rooms with the class of people who congregate there; and worse still, of places infinitely more degraded than a saloon, and association with persons compared to whom a bar-room lounger is *almost* a respectable character.

I cannot aver that this was all slander. If the truth must be told, most of the statements were facts. Nevertheless, Dr. Marcy had the *entrée* of the best society, as in his own circle he never transgressed the proprieties, and, moreover, possessed the advantages of wealth, good looks and singularly attractive manners, and the prestige of high family.

Ancient dowagers, who had known him for years, spoke sometimes among themselves of Robert Marcy's fair young wife who had eloped, years before, with a married man, and gone none knew whither. The affair had occasioned much talk at the time—as such affairs always do—and some friend, whose intimacy warranted the liberty, asked Marcy if he was not going to follow the fugitives; but he replied that "a woman who could so demean herself was not worth following.

Most men would have gone as far away as possible from the scene of their disgrace; but he did not. "He would stay and brave it out," he said. But he had never been the same man since. He had plunged headlong into dissipation—it was well that his fortune was vast enough to bear the constant drain upon it—and one could hardly blame him for his scandalous opinion of women, when it was remembered what reason he had to think contemptuously of the whole sex.

His wife was dead now. She had died in Italy, and a priest of the Romish faith had communicated the fact to her husband, together with some brief, dying message, and Robert Marcy was free again.

But I don't think he cared much for his freedom. It is a sad, sad thing when a man has exhausted life at thirty-five. A new sensation was something he very rarely experienced now, and this curious little adventure upon which he had stumbled promised a new sensation; so, he said to himself, he would follow it out just for the novelty of the thing.

It was something out of the common way for a man to tell him, as that old man had told him to-night, that "he felt safe to trust his daughter in his care." Those words would be a shield to her. They were an appeal to his honor—an unconscious one on the deacon's part, for he had not intended anything like that—but the appeal should be respected.

Days passed by, and Jessie improved slowly. By-and-by she was able to leave the strict seclusion of her room, and lie on a lounge in the parlor or sitting-room. It was pleasanter to be there, and Dr. Marcy gave up some of the long rides he was accustomed to take on his blooded horse, Araby, and devoted several hours of each day to entertaining her. He was a cultivated man and a fine talker, and Jessie, who had never before met a thorough man of the world, gave herself up to the enjoyment of his society. His manner to her was full of a subtle flattery which was never expressed in words; that implied caress of look and tone which was his peculiar charm that his friends spoke of as "Marcy's way with women," and many there were who envied him this "way."

But under all the gay surface-manner and brilliant talk, was a genuine liking and respect for this young girl, who was so different from all the women he had known; so truthful and sincere, so faithful to what she believed to be right. Something in her nature, earnest and unworldly, appealed to all that was truest and manliest in his. And so, though he entertained her with quaint fancies and odd conceits, broached strange theories, and sometimes startled her with small heresies, he never talked to her *just* as he was accustomed to talk to women in society.

There was one subject which he was especially careful to avoid; and that was religion. He knew by some instinctive faculty—for she was not given to talking much of herself, and had never told him—that she was a Christian. But he knew it—by some intuitive faculty, as I said—knew that the story of the Cross, which to him was only a beautiful legend, was to her a vital reality; more vital, more real than anything else in the world. Reckless unbeliever as he was, he was not the man to sneer at the faith of a woman like her; so, without actually appearing to do so, he always avoided the subject.

But one day it came up accidentally—how, he never really knew—and some careless phrase, some unguarged sentence, enlightened her as to his real sentiments. She looked at him in grieved astonishment.

"Dr. Marcy, if you had a very dear friend, one you loved better than all else in the world, one who had even laid down his life for you, how would you feel if a person spoke slightingly of that friend in your presence?"

This grave rebuke did not surprise him. He had expected something like it. He knelt down beside her sofa, so close that her hand as she moved rested for an instant on his shoulder, and the regret in his tone was not to be mistaken.

"Miss Jessie, I ask your pardon. Those words slipped from me almost without my own volition. I cannot recall them, for they express my true opinions. I lost all my faith in these things years ago, but I had no right to pain you by saying what I did. If I had stopped one instant to think I should not have spoken so. I hope you'll forgive me."

Her truthful eyes searched his face as she said softly,

"You say that you *lost* your faith. You believed once, then?"

"Yes, I believed once."

"Will that faith never return?"

"Little girl, if you knew what my life has been for the past eight years, you would think there was small hope of that."

He still knelt beside her, and his hand smoothed her hair with the same gentle touch, but a hard look came into his black eyes as he gazed out through the open window towards the distant hills, remembering how a woman's treachery had darkened his life; remembering, too, how he had turned his back on religion, because *she* had belonged to the church.

"You saved my life," Jessie's clear tones broke in on his bitter thoughts. "You have been very good to me. I don't believe you are as bad as your words would imply; but I wish you were a Christian."

God knows what depths of earnest desire and true purpose her words stirred up in his heart.

"I wish that I was," he said.

A sound of voices came up the garden path, Deacon Wentworth's hearty, cheerful tones, and another voice, more refined and cultivated, but not less hearty and cheerful, and Doctor Marcy arose and turned to the door in time to meet the frank blue eyes and pleasant smile of Mr. Gerald Martyn, the young clergyman of the church to which Deacon Wentworth and his family belonged.

Mr. Martyn offered his hand to Doctor Marcy with some words of courteous greeting. He had winning, attractive manners and a genial way of addressing himself to everybody with whom he was brought in contact which made him hosts of friends, out of the church as well as in it. Even Robert Marcy acknowledged that he "rather liked the man, if he *was* a preacher."

I think that under different worldly conditions the two would have been fast friends. You could guess it from the lights and shadows that came out on their faces as they talked. Yet one was a watchman on the walls of Zion, the other hard, reckless, skeptical.

Was it only a womanly caprice, or that deeper insight into human nature and human motives which woman sometimes possess that caused Jessie's eyes as she listened to rest oftenest on the dark, bright face of the more worldly man? Or was she thinking, as Mr. Jones, the Universalist minister in this city, had once said, that "there were possibilities of good in Doctor Marcy's nature, and fine traits in his character, of which no strait-laced Pharisee could boast?" But then Mr. Jones was not orthodox, and of course his opinions was of very little value among those whose piety was akin to that of the man mentioned in Holy Writ, who lifted up his eyes, standing in a conspicuous place, and thanked God that he was not like other men, "or even like this publican."

Mr. Martyn, however, was not a Pharisee, but a large-hearted, hard-working minister of the gospel; conscientious and faithful in the discharge of his manifold duties, but still finding time, aside from these, to pay frequent visits to Deacon Wentworth's family—the more frequent that he was unmarried and Miss Jessie an attractive girl.

The next day was Sunday. Mr. Wentworth attended service—both morning and afternoon, as was his invariable custom. Doctor Marcy had declined to accompany him; had, instead, betaken himself, with a book and cigar, to the back piazza, where he could enjoy himself after his own fashion without disturbing the ladies. Jessie was, of course, unable to go out, and Miss Martha remained at home to keep her niece in company. And while the yellow afternoon sunshine slanted in from the west the old lady brought

the great family Bible to Jessie and desired her to read aloud.

The girl complied readily—it was their regular Sabbath day custom—turning the leaves reverently till she came to the Acts of the Apostles. She selected the twenty-sixth chapter—it was one of Aunt Martha's favorites—embracing Paul's defence before King Agrippa; and her earnestness gave energy and freshness of interest to the words she had read fifty times before—brave, strong words, that have come ringing down to us through eighteen hundred years; spoken by one who could boast of being a Roman—one of that mighty nation which at that time represented the wealth and culture, and power of the world—a man who was accounted worthy to plead his cause before kings and princes; the finished scholar, the eloquent speaker, the courteous gentleman, who gloried in the commission by right of which he signed himself "Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ."

Dr. Marcy, out on the porch, threw away his cigar and closed his book as he listened. When the reading was ended he put on his hat and went out slowly through the little kitchen garden into the cool, shady orchard. For more than an hour he walked up and down out there; up and down, with the slow, firm tread of a sentinel.

Whatever resolve he had come to, his face gave no token of it as he went back to the house and into the parlor, where he had left Jessie. She was asleep, one rounded arm from which the wide sleeve had fallen away thrown above her head like that of a tired child; but the figure had the full graceful outlines of womanhood, and there was a line of gravity about the red mouth, even in sleeping, which told of the beginning of life cares and responsibilities.

There was no one else in the room, and he brought a low chair and sat down a little way from her, keeping guard over her as he had done that day when she lay faint and hurt by the roadside. The pure face lying back there among the pillows was the fairest and dearest in all the world to him. He remembered how it had lain close to his heart for one brief, precious moment that day of the accident. Crossing this came another memory—a hateful one—and the man's dark cheek burned hot with shame as he remembered how other faces that were not pure had lain there, and almost cursed himself as he thought of that old creed of which I told you.

Doctor Marcy was not a vain man, not given to forming extravagant estimates of himself or his own powers; but he had had much experience in these matters, and he knew, better than she knew herself, that Jessie cared for him. Her heart was not wholly his yet, he knew that; but she preferred him, and he knew he had it in his power to win her love.

As for himself, he knew that he loved her as he had never loved, never could love another woman. He needed her—her saintly presence, her tender companionship, to aid him in becoming a better man. His soul longed for her; his heart hungered for her with a craving that was like death. He wanted her for his wife—this woman whose like he should never see again.

But would it be best for her?

He thought of that, even then, in the very heat of his passion. "She cares for the man she thinks I am, not for the man I really am," he said, bitterly. "If she knew all she would turn from me in grief, maybe with contempt. And as my wife, she *must* know it, sooner or later. Some of my dear friends would take pleasure in informing her. Dare I take the risk of wrecking her happiness?"

"If she really loved you would this knowledge, even if it came to her, quite destroy her happiness?" whispered the tempter.

Breaking in upon his thoughts came the voice of Deacon Wentworth from the garden, where he and his sister were holding a confidential consultation upon some subject.

"It's a good offer for Jessie," he was saying. "I'd like to have my girl a minister's wife, and I like Gerald Martyn better than any man I ever knew except Doctor Marcy. Gerald asked me for her last night, and he wants to be married right away if she'll consent to take him. But I hate to part with her—it seems as if she's all I've got left to remind me of my houseful of girls and boys," and the old man drew his sleeve furtively across his eyes.

Miss Martha sat with her hands locked together in her lap—a way she had when deeply troubled—and there was a shadow of doubt in her voice when she said:

"Do you think Jessie loves him?"

The deacon answered without looking up,

"Yes, I suppose so. She used to like him before Doctor Marcy came, and I suppose she does yet, only she don't have time to think about him so much. I must tell her to-night, or maybe I'd better just leave Gerald to tell her himself. He can do it better than I can likely."

Then the voices sank lower, and Robert Marcy heard no more.

"My duty is plain," he said slowly; and looking in his face you could see what the resolve cost him. "She 'liked him before I came.' He will make her happier than I ever could. But oh! my darling!"

He bent over her for an instant, as she lay still unconscious of his presence, and touched his lips lightly to her mouth, her hands, her hair.

She moved uneasily in her slumber, and the red lips syllabled a word—his name.

A thrill of triumph went over him. For one instant the tempter held possession, urging "She is yours—yours of her own free will. Take her. Defy your rival; defy the fates; defy God and man if need be, and be happy."

"And break her heart." It was the "still small voice" of conscience making itself heard even through the clamor of passion.

He turned white as death.

It was a fierce temptation—the fiercest he would ever know—but true manhood stood stanch in spite of it.

He turned and went slowly up to his room; and this man who was called "unprincipled, regardless of everything but his own pleasure," gave up the sweetest hope of his life, resigned the woman he loved, and whose heart he might have won, because he believed her best interests required it.

Ah! me. There are other heroes than those who march to victory with drum and bugle sounding in their ears; other conflicts which are surer tests of a man's courage and endurance; and for the victor these words are written:

"*He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.*"

☞ Dr. Tourette, of Paris, who went to Toulon to try a new method of curing cholera with cold water, had died there of the fatal disease.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BELLA Z. SPENCER, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'R 2, 1865.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined.—"The Willow Tree." "Falling Asleep." "Remembrance." "My Birdie." "Baby Play." "Greek Beauty." "Alphonse Merriman." "Repented." "Come." "Impotent." "Twilight." "In The Summer Hours." "The Still Small Voice." "Dalrymple." "Thunders." "Evermore." "The Rain." "My Mother" (has a good deal of merit in thought and feeling, but is deficient in rhyme and measure. Try again.) "Heart Aches." "Home Lessons." "Olden Memories." "Featherstone." "Haunted." "Frignome." "It Matters Not." "Ray." "Liberty." "Calling Me Home." "My Life Trial." "Amertume." "Sadly Waiting."

A NEW STORY

BY

EMERSON BENNETT.

We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers that we have made an engagement with that well-known and very popular author, EMERSON BENNETT, to write, after the expiration of a short period, *exclusively for the Saturday Evening Post*.

Mr. Bennett designs commencing with the first paper of the new year, a story which will run through from about twelve to fifteen numbers of THE POST. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

Our readers may look for a story of wild adventure and thrilling interest; but the public is so well acquainted with the peculiar merits of Mr. Bennett as a writer of fiction, that the simple announcement of a story from him is probably all that is necessary.

A SUBJECT FOR INTEREST.

We have recently noticed in the Daily Press, a letter from the "City Pastor," in behalf of the poor who should claim our sympathies. His proposition is undeniably a good one, in the division of labor among the Pastors of different parishes, and we sincerely hope to see it put into practice, as those who wish to help these poor, suffering creatures would thus be enabled to do it without fear. It is so often the case that charitable contributions are improperly used, people who might do much, are afraid to trust their gifts into the keeping of others for distribution.

Poverty has always been with us, and suffering has never been at an end since the disobedience of our first mother. But never such suffering, never such poverty, as now in this fair land. From its centre to its farthest limits, are heard the cries of want, especially among the poor in our great cities. We *must* heed them—we to whom Fortune has been generous in bestowing. In comparison our abundance is great, and we should not shrink from sharing what we have with the needy, until the clouds can pass away from their dark sky. How can we sit down before glowing firesides and well-filled boards in the "merry times" so eagerly anticipated, if we heed not the wants of those who have not the merest necessities of life. Beggars upon the streets are a disgrace to any Christian community. But we put them there, if we do not voluntarily step forward to supply the wants that are many, since this war has robbed hundreds of homes of the strong arms on which wife and children leaned for support. As we would that others should do unto us and ours, let us now do for those suffering, poverty-stricken ones, for whom the "City Pastor" pleads.

"And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold *water* only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

PUNCTUALITY.

Punctuality has been termed the politeness of kings, and certain it is that the want of it is the prevailing incivility of too many who would scorn to be accused of sterner faults. The higher you ascend in the social scale the greater is the regard paid to this virtue; the lower you descend the more the deficiency is felt. A gentleman would as soon think of breaking his word as failing in his appointment. A dependant thinks nothing of keeping his employer waiting. Napoleon was exact to the minute. On one occasion, he invited some of his officers to dine with him; the hour arrived, and they were not there. Napoleon took his dinner, and just as he arose from the table his guests presented themselves. "To business now, gentlemen," and their appetite had to wait for a more convenient season.

Most of the pleasures in life consist in little things—such little things, in fact, that we hardly note them, except in their absence. It is pleasant, for instance, to have your breakfast ready at the appointed hour. Your room in order when disposed to read or write. Yet how often is the equanimity of a temper disturbed by the lateness of the morning meal! and especially of a Sabbath morning to rise at your usual time and wait for breakfast till obliged to go to church direct from the table—the spirits drooping, and the head bursting for the want of something to eat at the proper time. A Sabbath begun in this manner cannot be spent profitably.

Now all of these events are of common occurrence. Loss of temper, health, and a wasted Sabbath, all remedied by being punctual.

"Time is made for poor people," said a lady of our acquaintance when rallied on her want of order and punctuality. True, she had nothing to do, and wasted her life in doing it, while she never seemed to think of the inconvenience sustained by every member of her household.

Professional men for instance, whose time is their estate, are serious losers by this want of punctuality; and so are hard-driven needle-women and other workers in the employ of such housewives.

More personal vanity is often allowed to inconvenience a whole assembly. Putting the last touch to an elaborate toilette is sufficient to keep husband, children, guests, and servants waiting with impatience, when, perchance, the entire morning had been wasted in mere trifles.

Getting the Great Eastern under full sail is quite as easy as to dress some women. Knowing their weakness why not commence in time?

Order is the main-spring of domestic happiness—and that woman who never has her meals in season—never ready to go out at the time appointed, always too late, can blame no one but herself that her husband finds another room pleasanter than his own fireside—her children peevish, fretful, and disobedient.

Children do not reason, they feel and resent the insane reproach, "Ah! you naughty child, have patience," or a smart slap of the hand as the little one is dying with hunger; or what is just as bad, thrusting a bit of cake or sugar into the fingers of the little victim, spoiling his appetite for his regular dinner. When it does come, pale, puny, delicate, with nothing the matter but the want of regular food, it dies if possible, and if not, it lingers on for years a living death, and all growing out of the want of order in eating and drinking, sleeping and waking.

In childhood the pangs of hunger are infinitely more keen, the restraint of temper more difficult, the disappointment of delay more bitter. Then look to it, you that hold the happiness of your household in your keeping, and let order have to do with your arrangement. Be punctual—quite as necessary as to be temperate—and a crime that seems to be followed with quite as serious results—loss of health, loss of temper, and a loss of those virtues that go to make up a harmonious Christian character.

NEW SKATING PARK.

We see that Dr. Jansen, of *Natatorium* celebrity, is about to extend his usefulness into wider fields. Not content with the Gymnasium and Natatorium, he has obtained a central portion of the city for a Skating Park, and will have it prepared in season for the pleasure of his many friends and patrons. The doctor is giving preliminary instructions, at the gymnasium, on parlor skates. Assured that he will attend well to the interests of his pupils, we wish him success most heartily.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"THE COMPENDIUM OF ZACHYGRAPHY; OR, LINDSLEY'S PHONETIC SHORT-HAND." We would commend this work especially to the notice of literary people as a saving of great labor. The wearisome mechanical drudgery of the pen in putting the thoughts into words is relieved by this system to which Mr. Lindsley has given so much time and study. The work is published by Otis Clapp, 3 Beacon street, Boston, Bancroft & Co., 130 Grand street, New York.

"HUMOROUS POEMS." By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia.

"MR. BUCHANAN'S ADMINISTRATION ON THE EVE OF THE REBELLION." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

"RATIONALISM IN EUROPE." By W. E. H. LECKEY, M. A. Published by D. Appleton & Co.

"LIFE AND LETTERS OF F. W. ROBERTSON." Published by Ticknor & Fields. For sale by Ashmead & Evans.

"CHRISTMAS STOCKING AND LIBRARY." A collection of beautiful gems for the little ones, from L. Prang & Co., Boston, Mass.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. The December number has been received from T. B. Pugh, Sixth and Chestnut streets, Philada.

"DR VANE. A Story of Plebeians and Patricians." By Hon. HENRY W. HILLIARD. Published by Geo. H. Bielock & Co., New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY," for December. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

NEW MUSIC.

The following pieces of music are from the publishing house of Lee & Walker:

"FORTIFICATION STORM MARCH." Composed by GOTTFRIED PIEFKE.

"THERE'S A SIGH IN THE HEART." By CHARLES GROBE, with variations.

"THE HUNDRED PIPERS." By B. RICHARDS.

"BELLS OF ABERDOVY." By B. RICHARDS.

"BELLA WALTZ." By E. MACK.

"LEA BRISILIENNE MARCH FAVORITE." By ARTHUR DELAKENBIRE.

"THOUGHTS OF HOME." With German and English words. Music by J. ACHER.

"THE BROOK." Words by TENNYSON. Music by Dolores.

"THE NIGHT IS CALM AND CLOUDLESS." The words from Longfellow's Golden Legend. Music by J. L. HATTON.

"THE FAIRY WATCHER." Words by E. G. GILL. Music by L. EMANUEL.

FREEDMEN'S AID COMMISSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An organization in connection with the Relief Association of the Freedmen's Aid Commision has been formed by the women of Philadelphia, and they appeal to the public in behalf of the emancipated slaves. It is estimated that nearly one million will need help this winter; hundreds are even now suffering from cold and hunger. After a long war exhausting the resources of the South, and in the present transition state through which the colored race are passing, it is not surprising that this condition of things exists.

Is it not our duty to help them now that the way is open to us? Their destiny is in our hands, and how can we answer to our consciences if in this crisis we neglect the opportunity of carrying them temporal aid, together with that educational assistance which they so strongly crave. The contraband camps are broken up by Government, as the military force is withdrawn, and the sick, the aged, and the young, are in many instances thrown upon the care of the teachers and agents of the Commission. Their calls for assistance in the way of clothing, hospital stores, and medicines, are urgent; and cast-off garments of all kinds will be acceptable.

A committee of ladies is in daily attendance at 418 Walnut street, where donations are received, and supplies packed and shipped for the South.

L. J.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Paraguayan Productions—A Land of Plenty—A Rain of Terror—A Dictator's Justice—Death of a Desperado.

While Paraguay produces all the grains, fruits and vegetables common to the other countries of South America, in quality superior, and in quantity more abundant for the cultivated area, she produces also some material which is either not found at all, or is afforded in insufficient quantities and of inferior quality in Brazil, and all the Spanish American republics.

Grapes have been grown successfully, very good raisins, and excellent wine in large quantities have been manufactured in Paraguay for many years. These are sold to Brazil and Bolivia mostly, bringing in a very handsome revenue. Paraguay produces large quantities of tobacco, possessing a flavor fully equal to the very choicest material ever grown anywhere, and as the tobacco of all the neighboring countries is notoriously inferior, all the tobacco that Paraguay has to dispose of, she can always find a ready market for at considerably more than mere remunerative rates. And then there is her *Herbe Mate*, or Paraguayan tea, a luxury that every body in South America will have, and drink, or rather *suck*, sixteen times a day. The material is produced, and sold out of the country in immense quantities, bringing in a revenue nearly double that of Brazil from her whole coffee trade.

Thus while Paraguay produces and exports so abundantly these articles that her neighbors must and will have, and imports literally nothing, the balance of trade is always in her favor. She has no paper currency of her own or any body else to fluctuate, no credit system, no outstanding debt, no coinage, nor does she require any. Every thing she sells is paid for in gold and silver—the latter always reduced to the pure metal standard—and there is no other country in the world where hard money is so abundant.

Paraguayan policy does not admit foreigners into her territory to purchase her commodities. Neither does she send them abroad, as other countries do. The Paraguayan merchant or producer carries his wares to the frontier, meets his purchaser there, disposes of his stock, and returns home with his coin.

Paraguay produces nearly all the tropical fruits—many of them in perfection—most delicious peaches, and is the only country of South America in which fine, large onions, and very good apples and pears can be successfully grown. This policy of trade, coupled with that of the Dictator Lopez in keeping all Paraguayans in, and all foreigners out of the country, is a wonderful nursery of thrift, productiveness and prosperity. Every thing needful for the comfort of life is abundant, everybody is rich—there are no beggars, the priests excepted—and Paraguay is emphatically a land of plenty.

The seasons are more varied in Paraguay than they are in Brazil, and all the countries north and west of her position, that is, the wet and dry seasons are not so distinctly marked. The rain is more generally distributed throughout the year, falling usually at reasonable intervals, and mostly in gentle showers.

But there are instances in which a Paraguayan rain puts on habits unreasonable and outrageous enough. We had heard of its singular freaks, and one day, when we had been some four weeks in the country, we were treated to an exhibition of its singular performances and power.

We were out at a fine estancia in the country, about ten leagues from Assumption, and out at a considerable distance from the house, enjoying a feast of luscious grapes and delicious peaches one afternoon, when we were suddenly startled by the tremendous bellowing, and rapid tramp of a vast herd of horned cattle and horses that we had noticed feeding on the grassy plain to the southward, and looking in that direction we saw the whole drove tearing across the plain, driving down headlong towards the high walled *corall*, situated about half a mile from the mansion, and to the left of it as our faces were. We could discover nothing that we thought ought to cause the stampede, and excite such terror in the brutes, and stood gaping and wondering what it could all mean, when Don Paschal Bareda, the proprietor of the estancia, came running towards us, shouting with all the might of his lungs:

"*Andar! Andar amigos mio—Andar na casa. Andar amas no poder! Venga la Lluvia del diavo!*" (Run! Run, my friends—run to the house. Run with all speed! The Devil's Rain is coming!) We looked about us, and wondered if Don Paschal was mad as well as the cattle! We could see nothing in the least alarming—Ah, yes; away there in the southwest, there was a sort of crashing roar, and a smooth, brassy looking cloud was driving down towards us with the speed of a locomotive

So we "run with all speed," and it was well we did, for a few of the *avant couriers* of the terrible tornado overtook us before we reached the house, pelting us in a way that I had no idea water falling from a cloud could ever hit. The blows tingled as if given with a dull pointed iron hammer.

By the time we were all housed, the flood came down in its might. And such a flood. Well had they christened it the *Devil's Rain*. It was not a rain though. The water did not come down in drops, or streams, or splashes—it was in *chunks*. I don't know what other name to give it. The liquid pellets struck the earthen tiles of the roof, with a ringing metallic *clink*, in many instances shattering the tiles as a pebble would a pane of window glass. The storm lasted three-quarters of an hour, with the most vivid lightning and terrific thunder I ever saw or heard. And all the time the sun was shining brightly in the northwest. (I shall have to repeat here to some of the readers of *The Saturday Evening Post*, that in the southern hemisphere the sun goes round by the *north* to his setting.)

The track of the tornado was from southwest to northeast, not more than a third of a mile in width. Luckily it spared Don Paschal's orangery, vineyards, and peach orchards, but it fell full upon the *corall*, destroying nearly every one of the young colts and calves, and a great many of the weaker cattle that could not crowd into the shelter of the walls. They were actually beaten to death by the singular water pellets. Sometimes these "Rains of Terror" do immense damage to herds, and vineyards, and growing crops.

In Paraguay, as in the United States, there are several grades of courts of justice, from any one of which a party may appeal direct to the Dictator himself, who sits one day in every week to hear cases, and mete out justice. So wise and just are the decisions of Don Jose Lopez, that the Paraguayans look upon and revere him as another Solomon. We were afforded several opportunities of witnessing his manner of dispensing justice, and I am of the opinion that his legal acumen and discrimination as a judge in equity, placed him as a jurist no whit below the ablest men of our own country or Europe.

They tell in Assumption of an instance of the Dictator's justice, that whether true of him or not, would certainly not be misplaced under his paternity.

A young cavalliero, whose character had always been irreproachable, was brought before the Paraguyan President, accused by a young woman, whose character was equally unspotted, of an assault and outrage, that in Paraguay is punishable with death. Having heard the donna's positive testimony, and listened to the young man's protestations of innocence, to the utter astonishment of everybody, the Dictator condemned the cavalliero to pay the woman three thousand *pesos* in gold, and to pay it to her, too, there in his presence.

The money was sent for, paid over, the woman went her way, and the cavalliero was about to go his, when the judge said:

"Stop. Now, sir, follow that woman, take the money from her, and bring it here to me."

The young man went out to do the Dictator's bidding, and in half an hour returned with one eye blackened, his nose bleeding, and his face scarred and scratched as though a mad cat had been digging at it—but he had not brought back the money.

"Did you take the money from the woman?" demanded the Dictator.

"No, Senor. *Nao possibla*. Your Excellency, she is a cat, a *tiger*, EL DIAVO! Look, Senor, she has done this."

The Dictator dispatched a guard, and directly the woman was brought in.

"Did you do this?" asked President Lopez, pointing to the young man's bleeding, disfigured face.

"Si, Senor," replied the woman; "he was going to rob me."

"Ah! rob indeed. You wanton, you baggage, you wicked liar! *Rob*. Hum-m-m. Yes, you wretch; if you had defended your *honor* as you have your *money*, we might believe you. Put down the gold and begone, and take care that I do not see you again. Shame on you, for a lying, bad woman."

Crimes of a flagrant nature, as I have already somewhere observed, are of very rare occurrence in Paraguay, but for several months previous to our arrival in Assumption, there had been frequent murders and robberies committed by an outlaw desperado, named Jose Pinto Braga, who had thus far, and for two weeks after our arrival, eluded the utmost vigilance of the authorities, both civil and military.

At length Lopez, out of all patience, offered a reward of two thousand dollars to whoever should capture or kill the rascal. In an hour the hunt was up, and in two the miscreant was driven from cover into the street. Three times in the space of an hour, in his doublings and windings with two thousand human bloodhounds on his trail, the fugitive passed so near our party, that any one of us could have brought him down with our revolvers. But we were not quite bloodhounds, and the hunt was no business of ours.

The fellow was magnificently mounted, and was, I think, as handsome a man as I ever saw. Every moment almost, for more an hour, a shot was aimed at him. But as if bearing a charmed life, he dashed hither and thither, riding down and over officers, soldiers, civilians, women, children, who and whatever happened to obstruct his headlong course. Two soldiers and a citizen he had shot down with his pistols, but at length his pursuers managed to drive him from the city, out into the open country. We rode out to see the finale.

It soon came, though I think the fellow would have escaped after all, had his capture depended on the pack that had chased him from the city. But when he had ridden a league or so across the plain, there came swooping down upon him, from the opposite direction, a slender, young herdeiro—almost a boy—better mounted than the outlaw. The herdeiro knew nothing of the reward offered for the desperado, but he knew him for a murderer, saw the mob in chase, and resolved to secure him. He received the outlaw's last bullet in his right shoulder, and the next moment slung his unerring *lasso* bravely with his left hand, dropped the noose over the felon's neck, dragged him from his saddle, and came galloping down past us, trailing behind him his victim still struggling, and strangling in the embrace of the fatal *lariat*. Thus he dragged the captured desperado into the city, and through the streets, amidst clamorous *vivas* and *bravos*, to the front of the palace.

Age of the Pyramids of Egypt.

Mahmud Bey, astronomer to the Viceroy of Egypt, has published an interesting treatise, with the view of proving their dates from their connection with Sirius, the Dog Star. The late Viceroy, Said Pasha, ordered him to work out his problem. He found the exact measurement of the largest to be 231 metres to the base, and 146.40 from the ground to the apex. Hence it follows that the sides are at an angle of 51 deg. 45 sec. Mahmud Pasha found that the angles of the other three pyramids, near Memphis, were on an average inclination of 52 deg. The fact that the sides of these monuments are placed exactly true to the four quarters of the globe, seemed to point to some connection with the stars, and Mahmud Bey found Sirius sends his rays nearly vertically upon the south side, when passing the meridian of Ghizeh. He then found, on calculating back, the exact position the stars occupied in past centuries—that the rays of Sirius were exactly vertical to the south side of the Great Pyramid, 3300 B. C. Sirius was dedicated to the god Sothis, or Toth Anubis; and hence the astronomer deduces that the Pyramids were built about 3300 B. C., a date nearly coinciding with Bunsen's calculation, which fixes the reign of Cheops at thirty-four centuries before Christ.

☞ The officials at the Internal Revenue Bureau recently enjoyed a hearty laugh over a letter from a New York commission merchant, who wrote to ask an explanation of a notification that some whiskey consigned to him had been seized *in transitu*, on suspicion that the tax had not been paid. "I will thank you," said the latter, "to write me where 'Transitu' is, as I want to send a check there, and I can't find out what railroad it is on!"

AN AUTUMN TOUR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is there not a book or a magazine article, or a something, entitled "To Pittsburg and back, via some Railroad?" I have the dimmest recollection of such a heading, but when, or where seen, I cannot recall. At all events, if there is not, there ought to be; so its my intention to write a leading article upon that subject forthwith. Now I have not the least particle of an idea what a leading article is, but I know it sounds grand, and that as (an old Greek poet says,) "the eyes are the leaders in love's warfare," so in the war of politics, etc., the leading article has the place of honor—is—is the thing. Oh, lame and impotent conclusion!

By the courtesy of Mr. Lombeart, the President or Vice President of the Pennsylvania Central, I have had my wish, and been over the mountains in autumn.

Three damsels, with no matter how many escorts, started upon their travels, with such glee, such "great expectations," and such huge capacities for enjoyment as—"never was"—and yet half the pleasures we met, half the comfort we took, came to us unawares.

We had agreed, that the fun of being launched upon our journey, we three together, would be so great, and so comical; that immediately upon starting, each of us being touched by the saucy god Momus, would fall into a mighty fit of laughter—but such was not the programme; for just when the laugh should have come in, per agreement, Dobia said, with such a pitiful glance in her brown eyes, and a look at a couple opposite, a very shabby-looking soldier and his very ugly wife.

"They have something wrapped in his blanket; and from the way he carried it when they came in, I am sure it is—a dead baby!"

Forthwith we built a romance, among ourselves. This poor young couple had lost their baby while far away from home; were too poor to Express its body; and could not endure to have it go as freight, so were smuggling it through. We felt almost as if we were at a funeral. We watched with such interest how the woman covered it closer whenever the conductor came by. We did wish she was a nicer looking person; and we were sure the father grieved most for the child, he looked so sad. When suddenly Anita said, "Look!" The blanket stirred, the blanket rose up—and out popped—what do you think? a little black dog! Aubis defend us! a little black dog!

Then came the laughter that was our due; and thus ended the pathetic romance of the dead baby. When it grew dark and chilly and we were obliged to have our window closed, we would have been thankful to the conductor, who was so polite to us, had he discovered there was contraband goods in the vicinity; for there soon proved to be too large a supply of carbonic acid gas, versus dog, for our endurance. In vain did we court stiff-necks and neuralgia, by frequent raising of our window, doggie absorbed all the fresh air, and we were nearly all our while over due in the nitrogen scale, and our fifth of oxygen was dwindled to a tenth at least.

No brighter moon ever shone, than looked down upon us as we glided up the Susquehanna, passed Harrisburg, and wended our way around the mountains. My comrades were in an ecstacy of delight; and I was rejoiced to see again in its russet coat, and by Cynthia's lamp, the scenery I had so enjoyed by the golden light of old, in the latter summer days.

We reached Altoona at half-past nine. People who do not make a habit, as I do, of going over the mountains, every chance they get, can hardly realize how pleasant it is to reach Altoona!—to leave dogs and people behind—to come out on the broad walk in front of the "Logan House!" and after a moment's bewildering tussel with the crowd of passengers, who are only going to stop for supper—to reach our pleasant rooms, make our toilettes, and sit down to supper and then, alas! eat too much of everything, because everything is so good, so well served, and we are so hungry!

We stayed several very pleasant days, going and coming, at Altoona; and found some very charming friends there—one lady especially, whom I shall call the "Gem," because that's what her name signifies, and what she is; who, having travelled no end of time in Europe, knows the most delightful things to tell you, and has the most delightful things to show you. We used to pass our evenings most do-liciously in her apartments, reading, or rather being read to, talking or being talked to, cracking nuts, and eating them.

One day we clambered up "Gospel Hill" and gathered mosses and fairy-cups; and sitting on the grass, looking at the far away mountains, crowned with silvery, fleecy clouds, covered with golden, crimson, and brown-bannered sentinels—we told each other old legends, and sang each other songs. The mosses and lichens under our feet, some of which we brought away, reminded Margaret of the old German legend of "The Lichens," and she told her *amigas*, the truth, that the lichens are brave, true, working spirits, who, century after century, do their appointed work of disintegration upon the mighty rocks to which they cling, rolling them grain by grain, into the valleys beneath, to feed and nourish the grains and fruits which are to sustain man; each tiny moss-leaf doing its share of the great whole work.

That is the pith of the story, but it is most lovely when we hear the complaining voices of the weary baby lichens, who have toiled an hundred years and seen no result; but who are instructed with such good words by the older mothers and grand-mothers of the tribe, who have been busy for thousands and thousands of years, but who in patience work on, content because it is God's good work they do.

We brought home with us some sprays of the *Solidago*, (golden-rod,) and just one branch of the *Gentiana crinita*; and on a mossy bank we found two pale, blue flowers, *Houstonia*, or Innocence flowers, that had lost their way into this hollow place since last September. With our ferns and fairy-cups, we had a bower of beauty in one of our windows, much to the disgust, I suppose, of bright-cheeked Rosie, who is cleanest of chambermaidens.

One day of our sojourn was stormy—it did all sorts of things, snowing, hailing, raining, and sunshining, all in a breath; and that afternoon Mr. Miller most kindly permitted us the entree into his kitchens; such kitchens! I suppose they buy the hundreds of things, they cook there daily, for an hundred different tastes, already cleaned, for surely nothing of a soiling character ever went in there. It is wonderful to know how a proper system can make everything so admirable. I have no doubt that at least five hundred different meals are cooked in those kitchens daily and nightly, (for they have one supper at 2, A. M.,) and yet at four o'clock every afternoon everything is as bright and white, as if the kitchens were show-rooms under a case at a State Fair. It is incomprehensible how such perfect order can be attained; no speck of anything was to be seen upon tables, dressers, floors, shelves, or ranges—every pot, pan, cup, ladle, and spoon, shining like a new silver dollar, (those last darlings of a departed age!) hanging each in their own appointed place. Indeed it was all very clean; and everything that came therefrom was very good.

The next day was a golden day, and we went no end to places—for the "inside of the door" was, as Willis says, "the wrong side of the house." Towards sunsetting, we went with a good little boy we know, to "Prospect Hill," and farther.

I must tell about this good little boy. He is just ten years old; has bright golden hair, that hangs over his shoulders in the softest curls, and half hides the sunniest face you ever looked upon; he has the cheeriest smiles, and such merry, happy eyes, that when one looks into their unclouded brightness, they cannot help but ask the good God who ruleth all things, and guideth all our lives, to keep them ever as free from care and sin as they are now—to let them shine forth from as sinless and as kind a heart in the future as in the past.

But this good boy, whose name is Charlie, (which means noble-spirited,) is a saucy fellow as well; and he dubbed us the distinguished guests; and insisted upon it, we were a party of strong-minded young women taking notes; and he was always on the alert for something that we might, Captain Cuttle-like, "make a note on."

With him, on Prospect Hill, that lovely autumn sunset we did note, so deep down in our hearts, the beauty of earth and sky, that our very dreams were edged with purple and gold, and melodious with the hundred murmurs of the sighing winds.

The trees upon the mountains all round us, were burning themselves in the golden autumn fires. The slant gorgeous rays of the setting sun came down and kissed the brown earth, and the wilderness run wild with red veined giant leaves, and gold glinted leaves, and leaves in quaint russet gowns, held up in sturdy gnarled arms, rugged but full of life and strength, to meet the lips of the loving, passionate sun-god who wooed their embrace.

We Americans do not appreciate our wonderder teeming land. How it would soften and strengthen us, refine and tone down our money-loving, worldly spirits, if we had a real hearty, fervent, abiding love for our mother Nature, (the true Eve, if we only knew her, waiting for her redemption morn.) If we only could arrange our lives so that a part of it might be spent among the mountains, finding out the glories that are hidden in the dim cathedral isles of the sombre forests; or lie among the waving grass and grain of every field gathering the long trailing bindweed, or the star flowers, or the modest harebells with their eyes of blue. Watching the shifting clouds, the playthings of the day-time angels, even as the stars we see twinkle at eventide, are the toys of the angels of the night.

When Mrs. Grundy and the little Grundys go to the fashionable resorts next summer, to meet Mesdames Petroleum and Shoddy, I want with my chosen few, to come to these mountain lands. For here is every pleasure one could desire; from Cresson to Altoona in a quarter of an hour's walk, you are in the midst of the choicest gaming ground huntsman ever shot over. Or if you like best the gentler craft, no better place to wet a line was ever known.

As we wended our way home from our pleasant walk to Prospect Hill, after watching the sun go down in crimson glory behind the western mountains, and while, under my breath, I said, for my own delectation, this verse of a lovely poem of Miss Priest's:

But sometimes when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly
Unlocked by angel fingers,
And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory,
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

The moon came up, showing her yellow horn out of a girdle of clouds, to the dark, starry sky, throwing her steadfast, mysterious light on all the scene, leaving a silver gleam upon the far-off hills.

On one of these pleasant eves, passed in Gem's room, one of our new, and also one of our pleasantest friends, invited us to visit his coal mines, up the mountain. There was some shrewd surmising among our own especial party, that Margaret, the lazy, would not be up in time; that when the dreadful bell that every morning, at six o'clock, broke loose from somewhere, and ran madly through the halls, clanging its clapper as it went at the young darkey who frantically essayed to catch and silence it, should have been caught, and put in durance vile, that I would seek one nap more. I confess I think with Rabelais, that there can be no greater dotage than to guide one's course by a bell-sound, instead of by one's own judgment and discretion; yet as I am generally more sleepy than discreet, early in the morning, I was willing it should be my guide, and so was ready with the best of them. With our kind friend Mr. Murdoch, of New York, to whom the mine we were to visit belonged, and a gallant Colonel, for our cavaliers, and the "Gem" for a fourth lady, we went up the mountain, and down the mine.

How we scrambled over rocks and stones, how we were held on to by affectionate bushes and briars, and helped off by attentive gentlemen, until we reached the entrance of the mine, 'twere vain to tell. Then being introduced to Dolly, the donkey, who was to drag us in, (such a foolish old Dolly as she was, going into the queerest frights if one of us ladies spoke to her, as fearful of a woman as ever St. Anthony in his desert cave could have been.) After our carriage—*i. e.*, a coal-car—had been duly lined with newspapers to protect our dresses, we drove in in style, with outriders, (or walkers,) with lamps stuck in their caps. As our eyes grew used to the gloom by the "dim and dusky light," we saw the coal walls all around us, gleaming like scintillant stalactites whenever a ray of light struck athwart them. At one of the openings from the main shaft we got out, and walked through the various corridors and chambers, where the miners were at work.

Our Colonel had promised, in his witty way, to show us a new species of the *genus homo*, who lived upon their sides; and true enough there they were, working away with mallet and pick, lying upon their sides, black and grimy, looking like gnomes, with the spark of fire upon their dusky brows.

They begin at the lower part of the deposit, and pick out a place a couple of feet high, over which the main deposit hangs, until they have dug away and cleared a long gully-like place, into which they put gunpowder, and laying a train to it, blow down at a single blast as much as it would take them weeks to cut out. This is divided from the slaty dross, and piled into the coal-cars, which the mules draw to the turning platform, where it is placed upon the track that goes down the slope, a chain attached, and with an empty ascending car as an equipoise, on the other track, the coal reaches a trap-door on the lower platform, where it is at once emptied into cars for transportation. The mine, we were in had been opened by Mr. Murdoch about fifteen months ago; there were already some twenty-five chambers excavated, reaching over five hundred feet into the depths of the earth. As I watched these miners at their work, I remembered a legend of the Cornish miners. They say that the Jews who crucified our Lord were sent as slaves by the Romans to work the Cornwall mines; and in the mines, to this day, they find their old smelt in houses which they call Jew's houses. They say if a person will listen of a still night about the shafts, he may hear the ghosts at work, knocking and picking below!

The summit of the Alleghany, in Pennsylvania, is the eastern margin of the great bituminous coal-field, other useful minerals, such as fire-clay, limestone, iron ore, and sandstone, are found in the lower part of the measures, and come to the surface near the margin of the coal-fields. How wonderful it all is, how the earth teems with marvellous products; but how, beyond all wonders is the genius, the patience, the labor of man, that discovered the uses of all these marvels that God had prepared for us.

It is so strange to take up bits of that black, shining coal, radiating, when we bring it into the sunshine, as many colors as the beetle that naturalists call *calosoma scrutator*, and know that it is vegetable matter; that in other ages, in long eras past, this mass that the air and water, by its unceasing action, has rendered thus hard and jetty, was rare and queenly flowers; that in those pre-adamite days, when the earth in her primeval beauty was free from sin—therefore from man and death—in one of those days when the morning and evening were thousands of years, the flowers and fruits were born, and flourished unseen save by the holy angels who walked the earth,—and when the sting of death came upon all created things for man's transgression, drooped and died!

Thus was it destined, and thus came they here!

In these coal-fields geologists discover impressions of huge coniferous trees, of palms, of rare flowers and ferns, for which we have no name.

In excavating the coal, they follow what is called the *dip* of the mine, generally north or northwest. The coal lies like a distinct artery through this mighty body. The roof and floor are composed of a conglomerate formation, or of a coarse, white sandstone, and below or above it all search for coal-producing beds is fruitless. In the coal veins, however, some thin bands of a slaty character were shown us. How they puzzle the wise ones as to how they got there.

Mr. Murdoch told us he had satisfied himself by chemical analysis, that the bituminous coal was largely composed of coal oil. I am not sufficiently clear-headed to be able to explain the reasons he gave, why the peculiar *dip* of the measure this side the mountain rendered it impracticable to collect the oil hereabouts. Indeed, I fear I have made sad work of all his and our Colonel's endeavors to enlighten us; but I am only a woman, and women's minds are for all the world like sieves, so what else is to be expected of poor me?

However, any one who watches bituminous coal burning, will feel convinced there is a fatty, oleaginous substance contained in it that burns very like coal oil.

Sunday, after church, (where a very good man gave us no end of church history, and told us, among other strange things, that church meant *round-house*, forsooth! and all my life I have believed it meant God's faithful people all over Christendom; but he was read up in church history, so of course knew best,) we had a snow storm, and when we went over the mountain next day, westward, ho! we found it lying in the upper ranges, (not the storm, but the snow,) upon rock and crag. Around us were the autumn-robed trees, golden, and russet, and sober brown, with here and there a crimson yet spared us, but the first glory of their brilliant beauty was over.

Still it was lovely as a dream to see those great, sturdy monarchs of the forest, flinging wide in their strong arms, myriads of banners and pennons, dyed in an hundred different hues, swaying and bending to every breeze.

Over all there was such a tender, soft, voluptuous dreaminess. The sky was pearly-tinted, the clouds were silver-lined, and lost themselves in the far-off blue. And over all the earth and sky, over tree and crag, a mellow light came flooding down.

Right merrily did our little Charlie laugh at me, because of my dismay at the darkness of the tunnel upon my first trip, assuring me I must have gone through in an emigrant train, as all other passenger trains have lights in each car. I do not care, I did go through in rayless darkness, and I did not go through in the "Emigrant Line." If they neglected to put a light so I could see it, how was I to know it was an oversight, and not their constant habit? This time it seemed neither long or terrible, for the light was there, and made darkness visible.

But I have written such a long and tedious letter, and after all have not told you about the "Shops" at Altoona, or our experience in the foundries, etc., of the City of Smoke. May I do so in another letter next week? Such a lovely letter as it shall be; you will be charmed by its racy humor and profound knowledge of everything. Hoping you believe me,

I am most truly, MARGARET.

☞ A gentleman, having put out a candle by accident one night, ordered his waiting man (who was a simple fellow) to light it again in the kitchen. "But take care, John," added he, "that you do not hit yourself against anything in the dark." Mindful of the caution, John stretched out both his arms at full length before him; but unluckily a door, which stood half open, passed between his hands, and struck him a woful blow upon the nose. "Dickens!" muttered he, when he recovered his senses a little, "I always heard that I had a plaguey long nose, but I vow I never should have thought before that it was *longer than my arm*."

Emeralds.

Our present supply of emeralds comes exclusively from Peru, whence certain writers have sought to maintain that the true emerald was unknown to the ancients. Mr. King allows that the ancients, who judged principally by the eye, classed several totally different stones under the term of "smaragdus," but he proves clearly, both by external and internal evidence, that the true emerald was well known before the discovery of America. Emeralds are plentifully found, both in antique and mediæval jewelry, while Pliny's enthusiastic description of their refreshing brilliancy of color could not have been intended to apply to the dull chalcedony or opaque malachite. On the other hand, the obelisk described by Theophrastus as 40 cubits high, and constructed out of four smaragdi, must have been of green jasper, or still more probably of glass. Pliny mentions a marble lion erected on the coast of Crete, the brilliancy of whose emerald eyes used to scare away the fish. Curiously enough a marble lion was recently brought from Cnidos to the British Museum, the pupils of whose eyes were deeply hollowed out, as if for the reception of some gem of an appropriate color. Mr. King tells us that the Cingalese eagerly seek for the thick bottoms of our wine bottles, out of which they cut emeralds for sale to the "steamboat gentlemens" at high prices. The Brighton emeralds are said to be produced in a somewhat similar manner. The lapidaries throw fragments of glass into the sea, and recover them altered to the form of real pebbles by the attrition of the shingle. Some of these pebbles, however, are no doubt the refuse of glass factories existing during the Roman occupation of our island.—*King on Gems.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN GERMANY.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune thus refers to a late meeting of women in Leipsic—the last clause of the last sentence being of special importance:

The German women, among whom the doctrines of Lucy Stone and the Rev. Antoinette Brown have penetrated, called a convention the other day at Leipsic for the purpose of discussing the rights of women to legislate or do whatever women have a mind, whether in the mass or individually. One hundred and thirty ladies met, and Frau Peters, the widow of a writer of the same name, was called to the chair, from which, in a very unparliamentary way, she passionately discussed the question before the meeting. Fraulein Augustine Schmidt spoke next. As a matter of course, she spoke at great length, but her speech rolled trippingly from off her tongue. The gentleman who condensed it says that it was clear, logical, and to the point. Frau Korn believed that the object of the convention was to consider the most effective means of enfranchising women from wicked laws and absurd prejudices; to which a pretty Fraulein replied by suggesting a wholesale female German emigration to America.

SCALPING.—The ingenuity and audacity of the thieving portion of the community is proverbial; but events occasionally occur which startle the public by the peculiarity of their conception, and the dexterity of their execution. As new fashions arise, new phases of rascality are produced. The almost universal use of false hair by the feminine population, in the form known as "waterfalls," has led the chevaliers of industry into a new and profitable branch of their profession. The rascals carry a very sharp knife, with which they adroitly scalp the unsuspecting fair ones, and carry off as spoils the mass of artistically curled locks, or flowing ringlets, which adorn their heads. As these waterfalls are often extremely costly affairs, it will be well for the ladies to be on their guard when jostling through crowds, lest the scalping knife be applied by some unfeeling savage.

RUSSIAN RAILROAD CARS.—The Nord contains a description of the railroad carriages now running on the Moscow and St. Petersburg line. It appears that for the trifling addition of two roubles to the usual fare, travellers are received in brilliantly-lighted saloons, around which luxurious sofas and arm-chairs invite the weary to repose, while perusing the latest periodicals and newest novels which are scattered on the tables. When the hour of retiring arrives the *valet de chambre* conducts the gentlemen passengers to their sleeping apartments, while smart chambermaids point out to the lady travellers their bedrooms and boudoirs, fitted up, as the advertisement says, "with every modern luxury, including baths," &c. The smoking-room has perfect contrivances for ventilation and the thorough enjoyment of the cigar, pipe or hookah.

THE MISCHIEF DONE BY STRONG-LUNGED CURATES.—In a certain parish in Yorkshire, not long since, an old clergyman, who had got a strong-lunged curate, observed that one of his hearers was becoming rather irregular in his attendance at church. Of course the divine felt it his duty to visit the backslider, and he accordingly went to the house, but the gudeman was not in. He inquired of the wife why John was so seldom at church now. "Oh!" she replied, without the least hesitation, "that young man ye've got roars see loud that John canna sleep ase comfortable as he did when preaching yersel' ase peaceably."

☞ CONCERNING RATS' TAILS.—Some experiments in what is termed animal grafting have recently been described by Dr. Beri in a paper forwarded to the French Academy of Science. He says:—"That if the tail of a rat be cut off, skinned, and then inserted under the skin of the same animal, it will continue to live and grow as before. If a fracture is effected, the fractured parts will join again exactly as they would if the tail were in its natural place; in short, both physiologically and pathologically the grafted part follows the general laws of nature."

☞ Did you ever hear of a woman's eating her own tongue? One Eliza McCluskey, charged with killing her babe, at Glassdrummond, in Scotland, recently, being sent to prison, it was found that she had put it out of her power to make known her condition, having actually chewed the tongue out of her head. The only food she would take was milk, and that was liberally supplied.

☞ Queen Isabella, of Spain, has given another instance of generosity. Some time ago she relinquished a portion of her income in consequence of the low state of the public exchequer. She has now renounced a further portion, and has ordered that the amount of the Civil List so saved shall be devoted to the sufferers by the cholera and by the floods which took place some months ago.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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OUR NEW PRESIDENT.—We have had a President Taylor, and now we have a tailor President. Little did the present incumbent think, when following the peaceful profession of his youth, that his goose would one day hang so high, and that he, who once aided in dressing up his southern patrons, would one day be called to assist in dressing down the same individuals, and in giving particular fits to so many rebellious customers. The war has come to its close (clothes.) The "re-possession" of the southern forts has left enough dead men in the breeches—let all breaches now be mended. Our President's previous life has been but sew, sew; but if he pants for fame, he is vested with sufficient authority to clothe the naked and bleeding South with the garment of mercy, so that our peace may not prove to be a patched-up one, but a blessing to all parties. Although not of a character so benign as his predecessor, may he conduct his administration with such vigor as to make it appear that there be nine men in the Presidential chair, instead of only the ninth part of one.—*Puck: San Francisco Paper.*

FORCE OF HABIT.—Burke relates that for a long time he had been under the necessity of frequenting a certain place every day, and that so far from finding a pleasure in it, he was affected with disgust; and yet if by any means he passed by the usual time of going thither he felt remarkably uneasy, and was not quieted until he was in his usual track. Persons who use snuff soon deaden the sensibility of smell, so that a pinch is taken unconsciously, and without any sensation being excited thereby, sharp though the stimulus may be. After a series of years, winding up a watch at a certain hour, it becomes so much a routine as to be done in utter unconsciousness; meanwhile the mind and body are engaged in something entirely different. An old man is reported to have scolded his maid servant very severely for not having placed his glass in the proper position for shaving. "Why, sir," replied the girl, "I have omitted it for months, and I thought you could shave just as well without it."

☞ THE BRIDGE AT CINCINNATI.—The great Cincinnati bridge, about to be suspended across the Ohio river, will be the longest in the world, being over two thousand feet longer than that over the Niagara river, and, therefore five hundred and fifty feet longer than the Menai bridge in England. Its total span will be five thousand fifty-seven feet. The massive stone piers tower one hundred and ten feet above the floor of the bridge, and two hundred feet above their foundations. One year is the period allowed for building it.

☞ M. Desor, a Swiss naturalist, has investigated and confirmed the statement that small fish have been found in Algerian artesian wells two hundred feet deep. These fish belong to the carp species. They are healthy, and have fine, large and perfect eyes. Subterranean fish are usually blind, on account of the uselessness of eyes to such creatures.

☞ Many persons complain that they cannot find words for their thoughts, when the real trouble is they cannot find thoughts for their words.

☞ Adversity overcome is the brightest glory, and willingly undergone the greatest virtue. Sufferings are but the trials of gallant spirits.

☞ John Stuart Mill spends six months of each year near the grave of an idolized wife at Avignon, France.

☞ A blind man in Chelsea, Vt., has taken care of his garden and raised an acre and a half of potatoes the past season. He worked by night because it was cooler.

☞ We once heard a man say that the greatest triumph that could be achieved in dancing a quadrille was, not only to be able to say nothing to your partner with perfect satisfaction to yourself, but also to be able to look as if you wanted to say nothing.

☞ An Arkansas Butternut advertises that "any gal what has got a coffee-pot and skillet, and who knows how to take care of children," can hear of a situation by applying to "the undersigned."

☞ If you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you thought they were sisters.

☞ A traveller stopped at an inn to breakfast, and having drank a cup of what was given to him, the servant asked, "What will you take, sir: tea or coffee?" "That depends upon circumstances," was the reply; "if what you gave me last was tea, I want coffee; if it was coffee, I want tea; I want a change."

WHICH WAY GOETH LIZZIE LEE?

Where are the people going?
You, and I, and Lizzie Lee,
Far or near, hither or yonder,
Valley, mountain, shore or lea.
You to London, you to Paris,
You to waters, you to sea;
But I—will no one kindly tell me
Which way goeth Lizzie Lee?

Lizzie is gone away this summer,
Sudden and soon, the people say—
Going where I cannot follow to-morrow—
Going where I cannot see the way.
Not to the mountain (they whisper softly)
That blooms so white above the clouds;
Not on the sea, where spice wind blowing
Lazily lifts the swaying shrouds;

Not by the river that sings all summer,
As the dragon-fly on the bullrush swinge,
And the monotone of the water music
Blends with the songs of happy things.
I know it now—I know the country
Where Lizzie Lee is surely going;
For the golden dust of the chariot wheels
Is slowly, softly this way blowing.

I clasp her close, I hold her nearer—
She whispers only. "Let me pass;
They need my voice among the harpers,
Round the shining sea of glass."
Dark and deep is Jordan's river;
I may only touch the shore,
And bid the angels to be tender,
When they take my darling o'er.

So Lizzie asks no idle question
Where her summer flight shall be,
Nor gathers costly robes together,
But folds her soul up silently,
And makes it pure and always ready,
So whene'er her flight shall be,
I shall know what better country
Holds my earth-lost Lizzie Lee. E. L.

BURIED ALIVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ESSEX.

I.

Pauline Lathrop was the handsomest girl in the town of Newcome. Undeniably the handsomest, though her beauty was of so peculiar a type that many pretty, coquettish maidens were more admired and attended upon than she.

Pauline was tall and graceful, with a face of singular regularity of feature, heavy masses of dark hair, and large, languid dark eyes. She was always pale, almost unnaturally so, but from her earliest childhood she had had a singular weakness of constitution, that caused her to faint with remarkable ease at any unusual excitement or in an overheated or close atmosphere. This habitual pallor, with the tranquil cast of her usually impassive features, gave to her beauty a peculiar character that made her seem like some statue sculptured in snowy marble, rather than a living woman.

Mr. Lathrop was one of the wealthiest men in Newcome, and this fact, together with Pauline's own attractions, brought her many suitors. For a time she seemed to hesitate between the two who were most persistent.

Maurice Bond was an impulsive, warm-hearted young man, equal in position though not in wealth to Pauline herself, but loving her with all the earnestness of a true and affectionate nature. To him she was the embodiment of all the ideal beauty of a poet's dream, more fair than the most perfect statue, more lovely than the loveliest creation of the painter's art. For years, during which an intimacy between the families had thrown him much with Pauline, the hope of winning her had been the guiding motive of his life, and the thought of losing her had seemed to make the future utterly dark.

John Vinton was the most eligible *parti* in Newcome. Wealthy, handsome, in all respects unexceptionable. Perhaps his fair, Saxon face was rather heavy, and his blue eyes wanted the fire of a clear intellect that lit up Maurice Bond's gray ones into positive beauty; but then he was undeniably good looking, perfect in manners, and if not very entertaining, yet so well bred that it seemed unreasonable to expect of him any very exuberant wit, it would have been too undignified to comport with his intensely respectable character.

For a long time Pauline hesitated between these two. She liked Maurice Bond very much; he had been the playmate of her childhood, the companion of her youth. But when John Vinton returned from abroad, and was such a star, his attentions flattered her vanity, her parents urged upon her the eligibility of the match; and at this time some whispered stories reaching her ear of certain wild doings, which were in reality very innocent frolics, of Maurice Bond's, without loving him very much, she yielded to the urgence of her friends, and pledged her hand to John Vinton.

When the news of this engagement reached Maurice, he thought his heart was broken. Mrs. Lathrop herself told him, in order at once to terminate the hopes she fancied he might have entertained, and her kind heart was touched by the agony that she read on his pallid face.

"I hope she will be happy," he murmured hoarsely, when at last he was able to speak.

"But, Maurice, you must not let this make any difference in your friendship, you know," said Mrs. Lathrop, kindly. "Pauline really likes you very much, and will miss you terribly unless you come to see us just as usual."

"I can't, Mrs. Lathrop," he answered. "You do not know how I have loved her; or you would not ask me to come and see her happy with another man." His voice was choked with something like a sob.

"I am very sorry you had set your heart so much on this; you know I like you very much, Maurice, and should have made no objection had Pauline preferred you, but—"

"But John Vinton is richer than I," said Maurice, bitterly. "Though it does not seem to me possible he can love her as I do! Yet I have no right to repine," he added. "Tell Pauline I hope she will be happy," and without trusting himself to say more, he abruptly left the house.

But from this time he no longer came to the Lathrop's as he had in former, brighter days, and Pauline did miss him, as her mother had said. She had never known before how much she depended on Maurice for all sorts of little attentions, how pleasant to her was his bright smile, and earnest, loving eyes, what a great blank his absence would make in her life.

To be sure she was engaged to John Vinton, and he was supposed to be very devoted, but now that she had only him, she missed something in her life. John was always very pleasant, but an evening with him was certainly rather tiresome. Then he never seemed to have any faculty for anticipating any wish as Maurice used to, and although he brought her very handsome presents, she sometimes thought she would willingly give up all these jewels and ornaments for one bunch of wild flowers culled with reference to the color of her dress or some favorite fancy.

Gradually, too, it began to dawn upon her that perhaps John was rather selfish. She noticed he never came to see her except at certain hours, that suited his own convenience, not hers, and that he was very obstinate on any point that suited his own humor. Pauline had been accustomed to being adored and petted by all around her, and this strange state of things in which, before marriage even, she was called upon to give up her own wishes to those of another, was anything but pleasant. She could not help contrasting John with Maurice, and caught herself remembering, with a sigh, how he had known no will but hers, and in every case that had not interfered with positive duties, had been her willing slave.

All these things made Pauline very unhappy. She liked John very well when she promised to marry him, and his handsome face and high position had so dazzled her that she had supposed she loved him. But already six weeks of courtship had somewhat opened her eyes to the true state of her feelings, she began to look forward to the future with vague uneasiness, yet the preparations for her marriage were being hurried forward, and the wedding-day was already appointed.

These mental troubles soon told on Pauline's constitution, and she rose in the mornings after restless nights, weak and languid. Then, too, there were several parties which were given in honor of her engagement by John's friends that he urged her to attend, and the exertion and excitement of these affairs seemed to leave her more feeble than ever. The largest of these balls was one that Mrs. Dudley Hunt, John's aunt was to give at her elegant house. Pauline knew that she would be expected above all things to go there, but when the day came, she was so weak and ill that she resolved she would not try to appear, and told John so when he came to make his usual call.

"Not go to my aunt's," he exclaimed, "why, Pauline, the ball was given entirely for you?"

"I know it, John, but I am not well enough to go."

"Oh, yes you are, or you will be if you will only try."

"I cannot, John, don't you see how pale I am? I tell you I can hardly move from this sofa."

"You are always pale," said John, impatiently. "You have been too much used to being allowed to humor your fancies. This is an exertion you really must make."

"I am not able."

"But you *must* be able, I tell you, Pauline, this is an invitation you *cannot* decline. After accepting, and allowing all the preparations to be made in your honor, it would be insulting not to go."

"Not if I am ill, John."

"But you are not ill; you look as well as usual, and if you will not pay any deference to my wishes, I shall think you wish to insult me as well as my aunt."

"Oh, John! I want to do all I can, you know, but suppose I faint away! I am so afraid of it!"

"You won't," he answered, a little touched by her appealing tone. "I'll tell you how we will manage it. You need not stay long, but you really must go for a little while."

"I will try."

Pauline closed her eyes with a weary sigh. John stayed a few moments more, but he soon grew uneasy; her evident languor annoyed him, and making the excuse that he would leave her to rest, he lightly touched her forehead with his lips and went away.

"He is a cold, selfish man!" thought Pauline, and she burst into a passion of tears.

Never since their engagement had John called her by any endearing names or caressed her with the fondness she had imagined a lover would show to his affianced bride, and wrong as it was, now, a thought darted through her mind that Maurice Bond would not have been so cold—that he would have devoted himself to the cheering of her sadness, and the care of her weakness instead of escaping as John did from what he evidently thought a bore.

Yet when evening came, Pauline with a great deal of help, succeeded in dressing for the ball, and although she was deadly pale, yet she was beautiful as a statue in her flowing white dress, and when John came for her he smiled in gratified vanity at her perfect appearance.

"I am sure you look very well," he said. "And here is a lovely bouquet I have bought for you."

It was certainly very handsome, but it was largely composed of tuberoses, and their odor was almost overpowering. Again Pauline thought that Maurice would have remembered what John had also heard her say that she especially disliked that heavy perfume.

However, she took the flowers with a faint smile of thanks, and was very soon in the hot and crowded ball-room. Almost the first person she saw after speaking to the hostess was Maurice Bond. It was the first time she had seen him since her engagement, and a faint color rose to her cheeks as she saw how pale he grew as their eyes met. She held out her hand to him with a smile.

"Maurice, I am so glad to see you again."

"Ah, Mr. Bond, how are you?" said John. "Pauline, I will leave you with your old friend a moment, I want to speak to my aunt."

They were alone in the crowd, and Pauline said:

"Why do you never come to see me, Maurice?"

"How can you ask the reason, Pauline?" he said sadly. "I had never intended to see you again, but I longed so for one look at your face that I could not help coming to-night."

"I miss you very much," she said in a low voice. "I wish you would come and see me."

"Better not, Pauline. I could not bear it. But," he added, anxiously, "you do not look well."

"I am not well. I did not want to come, but John, that is, Mr. Vinton, insisted."

"And those flowers, Pauline, how could you bring tuberoses?"

"He gave them to me."

"And so you would not part with them?" he asked, bitterly.

"No, I hate them, they make me sick. Oh, Maurice, I am very unhappy."

And the dark eyes filled with tears. Maurice trembled in every limb at this strange, sudden revelation.

"Unhappy, Pauline?"

"Yes, and so faint! Oh, Maurice, take me away from all this hot crowd."

She took his arm, leaning heavily upon it, but at this moment John Vinton came up to them.

"Come, Pauline, the dance is formed, they are waiting for us."

"I can't dance, John. I am too faint."

"Oh, no! that is only a fancy! Come!"

Pauline was already so faint she was incapable of resistance, she scarcely ever looked up, but Maurice said:

"Mr. Vinton, it seems to me Miss Lathrop is really too ill to be here."

"I think I have the best right to judge of that," retorted John, coldly; "I'll thank you for that bouquet."

He drew the arm of the passive girl in his own, and leaving Maurice pale with suppressed rage, turned back into the close, hot room. A mist swam before Pauline's eyes—she went on mechanically, the warm air suffocating her, the odor of the flowers stifling her; then all grew dark; and she would have fallen to the ground, had not Maurice Bond, who had followed them anxiously, caught her in his arms.

"Air!" he cried. "Quick! help me to take her to the air!"

John was really alarmed; he permitted Maurice to assist him in carrying the unconscious girl; but the crowd pressed around them in the excitement of the moment, so that it seemed impossible to struggle through it; and when at last they reached the cold outside air, all help was vain.

II.

Yes! Pauline had been taken cold and stiff to the home she had but lately left so radiant with beauty. The best medical skill of the city had striven in vain to restore the lost life to that fair form; and at the end of two days of fruitless endeavor, all the town knew that the Lathrop's were childless, and that John Vinton had lost his bride.

During this time of agony and suspense, Maurice Bond had been more at the house than the affianced lover, and a thousand times more helpful.

"It can do no harm for me to be here now," he said, mournfully, to Mrs. Lathrop. "You will let me stay, won't you?"

And she was glad to have the comfort of his clear judgment, his ready help, and the feeling that his grief was as deep as her own. Yes, Maurice felt, after those brief words at the ball, that there might still have been a hope; and now that death had forever extinguished that hope, his sorrow was bitter indeed.

"You have killed her!" he had once said, bitterly, to Vinton; but that gentleman had met the words only with a shrug, attributing them to the anger of a disappointed suitor, and taking to himself great credit for having forgiven them.

But Pauline's spirit had not fled, though its restoration to its earthly tenement had thus far baffled every attempt. On the afternoon of the third day she came to a partial consciousness, though still without the power of speech or motion. At first she thought she had just waked in the morning; but what was this strange numbness through all her limbs, that made it impossible even for her to open her eyes? She was deadly cold, too, and seemed lying in a rigid position, with outstretched feet, and hands crossed on her breast. Her mind came but feebly to itself—so feeble that she could not realize the full horrors of her position, even when she knew where she was.

The first voice she heard was that of John Vinton.

"It is very sad, of course," he said, though there was not a tremble in the firm tones. "I suppose all hope is over."

"I fear so," answered the voice of their family physician. "I was convinced last night that she was dead, or I should not have permitted her to be prepared for the grave."

"She looks very handsome," John went on. And Pauline knew from the sound, that he was leaning over her. "And not much paler than she always was."

"She was a very beautiful young lady," replied the physician. "But I never thought she could live long."

"No, I suppose not. And now, do you know I imagine she would not have made a very comfortable wife, with that weakness and tendency to faint."

"You are very well able to bear your loss, I see," answered the physician, in a tone of disgust.

"Oh! as to that, I am very sorry of course; but you know we had only been engaged a little while."

There was no reply, but Pauline heard the doctor moving towards the door.

"Are you going?" asked John. "Well, I will go too; it is about dinner time."

Then Pauline knew that she was supposed to be dead. Yet horrible as the idea was, in her strange state, she did not realize it in all its terrors. It made her feel a desperate desire to struggle for motion and speech; at John Vinton's heartless words, a bitter indignation arose within her that almost gave her power to break the leaden fetters that seemed to hold her. But no! she was incapable of movement; she must lie there cold and yet alive, while the preparation for her burial went on!

She was not alone but a moment, for Vinton had scarcely gone when her mother and Maurice Bond came in. She heard her mother's sob, and the deep tones of Maurice's voice as he strove to soothe her. At last he said,

"You cannot bear this now, Mrs. Lathrop. Leave me here a little while, and go to your husband; he needs your care."

So her father was ill. Oh, how Pauline's imprisoned spirit longed to be able to rouse the impassive body, that she might console her afflicted parents!

Mrs. Lathrop went away—and as the door closed upon her, Maurice flung himself down with a groan of agony beside the inanimate form.

"Oh, Pauline! Pauline! my dear, lost, beautiful love! Oh, Pauline! my darling, my darling! Ah, if you would have let me love you; if I could but have devoted my life to you! And now it is too late! Pauline, my love! my love!"

Pauline felt his hot cheek pressed to her cold hand, and knew that it was wet with warm tears. She longed with an intensity no word can describe, to be able to move if but a finger, to comfort the noble heart that was breaking for her sake. But it was all in vain—the agony she suffered only increased her weakness; and once again her brain reeled, and all grew dark around her.

Another long twenty-four hours of insensibility, and then again Pauline became dimly conscious of the sounds around her. People were passing her, were going by her coffin, she knew with a chill of the heart. She heard the murmured comments on her beauty, and knew that a hundred eyes were on her, and yet she could make no sign of life. Her body seemed made of lead; her soul had no power to animate it; the horrible conviction rushed over her that she would be buried alive. And again a brief period of darkness ensued.

She recovered her strange, semi-consciousness only to catch the faint tones of the clergyman's voice, and to hear the dull sounds of the screwing down of the coffin lid. All was over then, resistance was now too late, even had she been capable of it, and this time it was a merciful swoon that terminated her sufferings.

But the end was not yet. When again Pauline recovered the frail link between soul and body, all was dark and silent around her, a silence that cannot be described, the awful silence of the tomb!

She was buried then. Buried alive!

Yes, all full of warm, human feelings, of affections and hopes. Still living, she was buried in the dark, cold ground, to be food for worms, and to die at last this awful death!

She had not thought she should be buried so soon. She knew that her parents had no lot in the Newcome cemetery, but they must have purchased one, and so placed their living daughter in the cold ground. Yes, she was alive now, more alive than at any previous time; she could open her eyes and stare up at the horrid darkness, she could move her hands and touch the satin-lined sides of the coffin.

Buried alive!

She remembered all the stories she had read or heard of persons who had been so buried, of coffins that had been opened long years after their interment, and the discovery of skeleton remains that had turned on their sides in the agony of a living death. In her torment she writhed in the narrow resting-place, and gasped for her recovered life that was but a curse.

Then she thought of her parents weeping in their childless home, and of Maurice Bond, heart-broken in his young manhood, of all who would be so ready to help her could they but know of her condition, and she groaned, and then was horror-struck at the muffled sound of her own voice.

She lifted her hands again in impotent struggle. She was suffocating in the close air of the coffin, and as her hands struck the glass over her head, she beat upon it frantically. Perhaps if she exerted all her strength she could break it through, and so gain the air she was dying for. Then she remembered that she was buried, and that if she broke through the glass, earth and stones would fall upon her, and in the unutterable anguish of her spirit she cried aloud.

What was that? Did she hear the faint sound of a footstep. Could the noises of upper earth come to her here? Again she tried to cry out, but her parched lips refused to utter any words, and with thick, beating heart, she listened to the coming steps.

They came nearer and nearer, till they were close beside her, then a faint light shone into her prison, and with a wild thrill, she realized that she was not underground.

"Oh! Pauline, Pauline, my love, my love! let me die here with you!" and the one faithful lover, who had come to watch her lonely sleep, sank down on his knees beside her.

"Maurice!"

The word was uttered at last in a wild shriek, that rung out on the still, night air.

"Pauline! my love! I will help you!"

Even at that supreme moment Maurice did not lose his clear, ready presence of mind. With a dexterous blow he broke one corner of the glass, and let in a great flood of cool air.

"Darling! darling! you will live now! Oh, thank God for this happiness!"

In a few moments Pauline was released from her horrible prison. The coffin had been placed only in a receiving-vault, and some of the sexton's tools still remained there. She had been silent after that one outcry, but as he bent down to raise her, she looked up in his face with a radiant smile.

"Pauline! my Pauline!"

"Yes! Maurice, Maurice, I have known all in these many horrible days. I have discovered John Vinton's heartlessness and your devotion, and I love you, Maurice, and you only!"

"My darling!" and he kissed her passionately as he raised her in his arms. "I would not kiss you when I thought you were dead. I would not steal from you then what you would not have given me living, but now—"

"Now, Maurice, I am all yours, and will love you to my life's end."

He carried her in his arms back to her home, for she was very, very feeble, now that the first great excitement was over. The parents were intensely overcome at the return of their dead daughter, but joy seldom kills, and all the misery of the last week was forgotten in the delight of claiming her again.

And from this time forward Pauline's health improved, and when she was Maurice Bond's happy wife, she was not only a smiling but a rosy woman, whom one would scarcely believe had ever been buried alive.

TENDER AND TRUE AND TRIED.

Tender and true,
You kept faith with me,
As I kept faith with you;—
Though over us both
Since we plighted troth
Long years have rolled:
But our love could hold
Through troubles and trials manifold,
My darling tender and true!

Tender and true,
In your eyes I gazed,
And my heart was safe, I knew!
Your trusting smile
Was pure of guile,
And I read in sooth
On your fair brow's youth
The earnest of loyal trust and truth,
My darling tender and true!

Tender and true,
All my own at last!
My blessing for all life through—
In death as life
My one loved wife—
Mine—mine at last,
All troubles past—
And the future all happiness, deep and vast,
My darling tender and true!

EPITAPH ON A PRINTER.—Dead matter.

LINES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HARVEIUS.

As fair a face as e'er was seen,
As rosy lips and eye as keen
As ever graced a fairy queen;
As fair a form as e'er was known,
Her ways as good as e'er were shown,
Is she the one to grace a home?

Her temper mild and well controlled,
Her mind well stored with new and old,
Her heart as true and virtue bold,
As e'er of any could be told,
For gold or gems cannot be sold,
Is she the one your heart to hold?

SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY VERNET.

YERBA MATE (*Paraguayan Tea*).

I have very lately been reading a botanical work, putting forth great claims to reliability, in which the reader is informed that the Yerba *Maté* "is an *herb* with many small leaves, growing wild in great abundance in the dense forests of the northern regions of Paraguay."

Some one had doubtless so instructed the author of the work, and he, without better educating himself on that point as he ought to have done, as well as on several others, assumes the position of teacher, and misleads very many of his readers.

Now the Yerba *Maté* is not an "herb" Neither does it grow in "great abundance" in the Paraguayan, or any other forest. The *Maté* is a perennial shrub of the laurel species, evergreen, in some instances attaining an altitude of more than twenty feet, with a trunk from four to five inches in diameter at its base. But more generally the shrub grows about six to seven feet in height, with a straight, slender stem of a greenish brown color, very thickly set with side shoots, which run out in delicate, slender twigs, bearing leaves in pairs, at intervals of about two inches from the main stock to the extremity of the twig.

The shrubs usually grow in patches and fields, sometimes covering an area of several miles with an almost impenetrable jungle. At other times a territory covering the utmost stretch of vision, is covered, or partially so, with *Maté* "islands," some of them so minute that a moderate sized bullock's hide would make a cover for one. These *islets* are separated by narrow avenues of pampa grass, running in every conceivable direction. It is in such districts as these that the immense *Maté* harvests of Paraguay are gathered.

The leaves are thin and fragile in texture, the upper surface a silvery green, like the leaf of the garden sage, which they resemble in shape, but are about three times larger, and in their green state have a slightly acrid, disagreeable taste.

There are several qualities of *Maté*, the best being the young, tender leaves picked one by one, and carefully dried in the shade. That quality however which is so generally in use throughout a large portion of South America, is gathered by slashing off the twigs to the size of a lady's riding whip, drying branches, leaves and all, on raw hides for three or four days in the sun, when the twigs having become very brittle, the mass is either beaten with clubs, or what is more common, tramped fine with the feet, after which it is stuffed into bags of raw hide, wetted and sewed up with thongs cut from the hide. When the raw hide becomes thoroughly dried, the shrinkage is so great that the *seron* is almost as hard as a brick. These hide serons range in weight from one to five *surobas*, of thirty-two pounds, the average of those intended for the "outside" market being two surobas, so that six of them gives just a Paraguayan mule cargo, that rate being established by law.

The selected first quality *Maté* is too biting and *waspish* to suit the palate of a novice in *Maté* sucking, but the common sort is rather a pleasant beverage even to the beginner. It is fragrant, slightly aromatic, and might be palatable at the first draught to every one, but for the tyrannical practice of imbibing it scalding hot. With all the inside of one's mouth and throat scalded, how can he possibly decide with any certainty whether he likes a thing or not?

The universal South American practice of *Maté* drinking is to have a small gourd, or calabash shell, holding it may be a half pint, and a silver, or some metal tube, the size of an ordinary clay pipe stem, six to eight inches in length, with a bulb at one end the size of a pigeon's egg, perforated like a pepper castor. The gourd is stuffed with *Maté*,* two great heaping spoonfuls of sugar is jammed in, then the gourd is filled with boiling water, the bulb of the tube is pushed down into the mass, and the *sucking* begins, with the tea blazing hot, care being taken to keep the lips closed so as to exclude the air.

Almost everybody in Brazil, Banda Oriental and Paraguay, suck *Maté*, while with the people on the western side of the Andes, cocoa—which, by-the-by, the author above quoted, informs us "is the seeds of the fruit of a *tree* of the palm species,"—is the favorite beverage. I have known instances where a veteran *Maté* drinker would empty not less than forty gourds a day.

* Pronounced Mat-tee.

☞ Miss Fawcett, the English actress, was one evening dressing for a part, when a boy attached to the theatre knocked at the door. "Please, Miss, there's a woman at the back, who says she wants two orders to see the play." "What is her name? Go and ask her. I promised no orders." "I did ask her name, but she said it was no use telling it, because you didn't know her." "Not know her, and she expects orders! Has the woman her faculties about her?" "I think she have, ma'am, for I see her have a bundle tied up in a pocket handkerchief under her arm."

THE LAWRENCE (Mass.) American tells a story of the marriage in that city of a couple, the bridegroom being from Wisconsin, and the bride a resident of Lawrence. Immediately after marriage the lady told her newly-wedded husband that she was unworthy of him, giving reasons which emphatically proved the statement; said she loved another; that she was coerced into the marriage, and would not live with her husband, and the two thereupon parted, the lady meantime being formally disowned by her parents.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

Eallvening guest! Fairly thine image dwells
Before the eye, e'en at the "Fall of Year;"
Now, when sharp winds in leaf-strewn corners moan,
Where Summer's relics whirl, in eddying zone!
'Tis loving Bounty, that your stem compels
To rear such floral crowns, of pleasant cheer!

Say, who shall note the swift uprising band
Of garden-guests, that beautify the earth,
From that fresh time when snow-drops sweetly fling
Their modest jewels on the lap of Spring,
Till, in the Fall—'mid sere leaves o'er the land—
Ye come, chrysanthemums, like friends of worth:

Late in your advent—yet the more to share
The joy of children, and the smiles of age!
Of leaves so cut, in forms so fair designed,
That leaf and blossom both will charm the mind;
We turn from *this*, on *that* our thoughts to spare,
Till both in speculation sweet engage.

The sun's power slackens; yet our garden-walks
With lustre of sweet hues grow fair once more;
Till up to Him, who all your beauty sways,
Mounts from the heart the incense of our praise,
Stirred by the vision of your star-decked stalks—
Treasures of charming grace, of joys a store!

Kind the Creative Hand that gave to bloom
Such late luxuriant flowers in Autumn air!
Love grateful marks the power that wrapped in bud
The pearly petals that your crowns bestud
With stellar shapes, which chase November's gloom,
And deck with glories now the fading year.

Hannah Brener's Sacrifice.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Only one of that great company of stern heroisms, and slow griefs which have entered into and assimilated with the very life of the last four years; and now that the smoke has cleared away from the slopes, that the beat of the reveille, and the thunder of the army marching to battle have ceased all over the land—now that the swords are being turned into ploughshares—now while the soft, moist autumn sunshine is smiling over the land, who has bought the old peace with her ten thousands of new graves, I sit here to tell you the simple story, whose joy and pathos strike away down into the great roots of our common humanity. The old peace, did I say—dear God let Thy Justice and Mercy stand for witness to the *new* Peace, a thousand times better than the old.

Hannah Brener came out of the house that night and looked up the road, putting up her hand occasionally to smooth down her hair, for the wind was blowing, and Hannah had an especial desire to have her hair look well in the eyes that were to see her that night; and after the fashion of a woman she had devoted full half an hour to its arrangement in the little chamber overhead. The result certainly repaid her. Hannah Brener was proud of her hair—had thought it for years her only beauty, although, of late, the dormant vanity in her nature had been quickened into a new, tremulous, delightful life.

Do you see her as she stands there in the soft twilight of the autumn evening:—a low, red house, with a tall, brown barn, making a picturesque background to the young, trim, womanly figure there? Not a handsome face certainly, but with something bright and comely about it; wearing the healthy bloom of her three-and-twenty summers. If you study the face well you will find there no lack of life and character if you do of cultivation, for in the latter this Hannah Brener's chances have been small, confined solely to the little red school-house in the hollow by the river.

A plain, homely country life, with a deal of heartiness, and more or less of coarseness had nourished Hannah Brener into the woman she is now—not a model one, certainly, with a good many small tempers and prides and prejudices, but for all that with a strong, tender, loving fidelity of nature, that until very lately no line nor plummet had grounded.

Hannah's mother had died years ago, and her mantle had fallen on the only daughter's shoulders when they were too young to carry it fitly; her father was a farmer of the good-natured, indolent, garrulous type, liking the old ways from force of habit, and without energy or aspiration to try what was in the new; and so his fields yielded, and his granaries were stored after the measure of his father's. John Bremer was satisfied. His sons were largely in his own pattern, somewhat improved, of course, for it was impossible that they should not have felt in some degree the impulsion of progress in all directions, and got beyond the old landmarks, for even the red school-house, which had furnished the only fountain of knowledge, from which the Breners, father and sons had quaffed, had improved its methods of teaching in various directions. Of the farmer's four sons, one had gone to sea, one had taken to a trade, and the other two remained at home, working on the farm.

Up the curve of the mill-road looked the eyes of Hannah Brener, with some shy, pleasant thought in them—with a little, half-repressed expectancy, too, that touched her face with a new softness and delicacy on this night which was to try to the very quick what was in her.

Opposite the house, and on the other side of the road lies the bank of the river—an autumn night—remember that, with a rising wind among the trees, and through the long brownish grass—a wind with a chill in it, for the year is veering into late October.

Hannah Brener watching there does not feel the chill for some tender warmth about her heart. Whatsoever is softest and sweetest in this girl's nature is astir there now. Pleasant visions, such as come to the youth of women, be they in high or lowly places, spread themselves up the landscape of this girl's vision. She saw a home there, a little cottage, with morning-glories all alive in the dews of some June day, and roses in a red heat of bloom about the door. A little brown arrow of a path leads up through the grass, and a man stands there, a large man, with a stalwart figure and a sun-browned face, and a strong, solid tread. He stops a moment at the gate, and calls to her before going to his daily work, "Hannah." How sweet the name sounds to her—sweeter than the song of the summer birds, who are all alive with the joy of the June morning outside! She used to think that her name had a homely, old-fashioned sound, but now she would not exchange it for a crowned queen's. A sudden moisture steals over her eyes like the faint blue of a cloud over the stars yonder as she thinks of the tones that have set her name to this new melody.

A homely picture, but you must remember it is this girl's life, and it has soundings deeper than the wisest philosopher can reach. And Hannah Brener remembers, as she catches sight of the figure which now comes in sight up the mill-road, that there is a clothes-line at the side of the house, with a few towels and bits of linen hung out to dry, and with an affectation of gathering these in, she starts for the line, a little harmless disguise, which she thinks Eben Don will not penetrate—but he is shrewder than she fancies, he will know all the time that little Hannah has been watching for him.

He comes up the road, with his strong step a little slower than usual; and if you were to look in his face you would know that some doubt or dread possessed it. A large-featured, open, manly face—not yet in its thirties—its whole character that of a man's who has had to make his own way in the world by much observation and honest toil.

Eben Don had done this from his childhood. His life had struck its roots in sordid poverty. And whatever the man had, or was, he owed it only to God and himself. During the last week he had attained the position which had for several years been the highest ambition of his life, and that was, as overseer of the gang of workmen in the slate quarries where he had so long toiled with his pick-axe among the hardest. And the next spring he was to take to wife Hannah Brener; his advanced wages affording Eben Don, for the first time in his life, a prospect of a little home-nest of his own, about which the strong man's fancies and dreams clung in a way which would have utterly amused any one who could have swung open the secret doors of his heart, and to whom he seemed now only a practical, diligent working man; but little Hannah Brener had sounded him deeper than that—she knew that there was a woman's gentleness, tenderness, fidelity, hidden deep in the heart of Eben Don.

He stood a moment at the gate watching the young, swift figure as it bustled about, with a great show of diligence, gathering up the clothespins, and jerking the towels from the line. A faint smile touched his lips as he gazed—a great tenderness struggled up through some unusual gravity in his eyes; for you must remember that the man's heart was bound up in that girl's; and that in all the world there was no sight to him so fair as that small, alert figure.

At last he spoke.

"Hannah!"

She knew all the time that he had been standing there at the gate watching her—she had been straining her ear for the sound of his voice. And she came forward now, her whole face in a new life and brightness, that suffused in the falling light, made it somehow prettier than it ever had been before.

"Is that you, Eben?"

He took the hands by no means particularly soft or pretty—for Hannah did most of the housework—in his large ones.

"Yes. Is my little girl glad to see me?"

"Oh, no, not in the least;" she said, a little arch smile running along the red of her mouth, and lifting up her face in a pretty defiance, whose charm and fascination Eben Don verily believed in his soul could not be equalled by any living woman, though she were a crowned queen.

He stroked the warm, soft cheek awkwardly, for his large fingers were used to dealing with quarries of stone.

"You are in a wonderfully gay mood to-night, little Hannah."

"Ike says there is reason enough for it; but then you know he's a saucy fellow;" tossing her head a little. And Eben understood perfectly well that she alluded to the fact of his expected visit. "Aren't you ready to come in?"

"Not just yet," he answered. "I wish you would take a little walk with me, Hannah, if the wind doesn't blow too hard?"

"Oh, no, I never saw a gale that scared me yet."

Taking her handkerchief out of the pocket of a small ornamental black silk apron that somehow gave a little airy individuality to the wearer, and tying the cambric around her head; and she took his arm, and they went together down the mill road. A low strife of winds in the air—the river tolled far below, deep and silent, and hurrying to the sea as human life—human life on its way to that other sea. The man and woman walked a moment in silence.

"The moon looks pleasant, Hannah, coming over the hills yonder."

She looked at it, as it came slowly over the hill, a ripe moon, with thin, white clouds making a snowy Mechlin all around it, and transfiguring the summit of the hill over which it came with a royal majesty—while one almost waited to see the angels walking there; for the light and glory seemed not to belong to this world.

The spirit of the scene—its marvellous power and beauty penetrated to Hannah's soul, and she had had small culture in aesthetic directions, and of course her deepest sense of beauty was only a faint hint of her latent possibilities here. At last her gaze sought Eben's—but just then he was not looking at the moon, but at her face; and something in his gaze stirred the quick instinct of the woman.

"Eben, what is troubling you?" She had a frank nature, always outspoken, whether for good or evil.

Her question evidently startled him, and startled out his answer, too, which would not have gone so straight to the point if he had stopped to think twice.

"I have been thinking about the war, all day, Hannah."

Her hand closed involuntarily over the arm on which it rested.

"What have you been thinking, Eben?" her voice hardly above a whisper, and yet carrying all through it a suppressed dread and terror.

He knew she had forestalled the truth then, and he would not play hide-and-seek with it in any talk. "There are more men needed to fight this thing out, and all day something has been telling me *I* ought to go!"

A quick shudder, a sudden clinging to him, her face struck through with an ashy whiteness, lifted up to him in the moonlight.

"Oh, Eben, don't talk of it; it would break my heart," she cried.

"Child, it's been the thoughts of you that's made me a coward all day!"

"But, Eben, it isn't your duty any more than others?"

"No, Hannah, no more than others. But all over the land men are leaving their fathers and their mothers, their wives and their children, and taking their lives in their hands, and going off to the battle-fields to put down this great evil that has risen up to devour the land. I haven't anybody to leave behind, or to miss me, but this little girl here, but somehow its just about like death to think of parting with her!" his voice faltering into a sudden huskiness.

"Oh, Eben, it would kill me, it would certainly kill me!" a sharp, incisive anguish through her tones, and that supplicating look in her face which it is so hard to resist from one we love, and Eben Don knew that of all the world only this one woman loved himself to the death.

"If I thought it would do that, Hannah, I wouldn't go; no, I wouldn't, I say, though my country called me day and night," his voice ringing out fiercely.

"And then, just think, Eben, how many there are who ought to go, but who only stay at home and talk war, and about patriotism, but as to really going down to the brunt of the battle, you wouldn't catch them there; no, indeed, let them go first," her rapid words half coherent in her excitement.

"I know it, Hannah; but you see there's the blessed sunshine—there are a plenty of folks on whom it falls, who never think of thanking God for it—but it don't make our duty to do it the less."

This simple putting the truth lost Hannah her points, and she knew it.

There was a little silence. They both clung to each other, walking there along the lonely old country road, with the October winds coming and going restlessly in the trees, and the sky overhead, with its clouds veiling and unveiling to the earth, the sweet face of the moon, and the river at their feet. After awhile Eben spoke.

"I never thought much about my country or the old flag until of late, Hannah; but somehow a new pride, a new love has come into my heart. I can't look up at those old stars now without a new feeling thrilling me through and through. I have my birthright in them. I see how they've been about me all my life for strength and protection, and I see what my Government has been—so tender in her power, so gentle in her majesty and glory, that I never dreamed of what she was to me until now, now that they are seeking for her life, and I seem to hear her cry, 'Save me, my son, or I perish,' rolling up to me from afar off, from the land that is red with her best blood to-day, and something, it seems, mean, and base, and wicked, for me to stay here and not spring heart and hand to her defence, as it would if a hundred villains were on the track for your life, oh, my Hannah!"

It was not like Eben Don to speak like this. The fire of his enthusiasm burned up to his face, it kindled the tones of his voice until you almost felt their red heat, and Hannah Brener, looking up into his face, felt her own soul rise into an exaltation such as had never possessed it before.

"Oh, Eben," she said, "I love my country too; it seems to me that I would give my life to save her!"

"You can't do that, little Hannah, but—but you can give me, you know."

Then the trial which had been coming unseen over the slopes of all the years, which was to test to its uttermost the soul of little Hannah Brener, just as it has been trying the souls of women all over the land, came to her. She struggled with it mightily, struggled with tears and sobs; all the selfishness of her nature, all its affections, all the womanly yearning for tender heart and strong arm to trust in; all the dreams and hopes of girlhood that had put out their tendrils, and clasped their swift, warm life about the future—all these brought their forces to the strife—all these had to be torn and wrenched away from their abiding place. The vision of the little cottage, with its blossoming roses and vine-hung casements, stood smiling up the future, and her woman's heart hungered for it, her heart that had gone lonely and empty through its youth; and then she thought of Eben, the strong, stalwart figure, walking now by her side, lying stark in the damp grass of some battle-field; she thought of awful prisons and dreary hospitals, until she lost all thought of herself, and her heart grew sick, and she clung to him, "Oh, Eben, I cannot give you up!"

They walked until midnight. All this time he did not say he would go, and she knew well enough that, come to the stress, he would not if she did not give consent. But she knew, too, that all his soul waited for her to speak, and that his heart was with his brothers on the battle-field.

And at last Hannah Brener rose to the height of the trial. She did not see that the stars had gone out in the clouds while they walked, that the wind had gathered into a strong storm around the midnight, when she leaned her head on the arm of Eben Don and said faintly,

"If it is God calls you, Eben, I will not say stay!"

It lacked a month of another October. The air was full of wandering flavors. Upon the rich fields lay the warm mystery of September sunshine—the juices of the year were ripening like the juices of the orchards, over all the land. Hannah Brener looked out from her chamber window a moment, and fed her eyes on the beauty of the day, and wondered if the battle was going on at the south that hour.

Suddenly she saw a man come up the mill road and pause at the gate, and gaze up at the house. His face was bronzed and roughened, but he wore the "army blue," and the sight of that always brought a sudden pathos into her eyes. She wondered what made the soldier stand there, gazing up in that perplexed way at the house, and an impulse seized her to go down and address him.

When she reached the front gate the man had opened it, and was just entering the yard.

He gave her no time to address him.

"Can you tell me if a Miss Hannah Brener lives here, ma'am?"

"This is Hannah Brener," and somehow—she could not tell—a great fear and darkness gathered over her.

"Here is something I have brought her;" and he placed a little packet in her hands that shook, and so did his. She saw that.

"Who sent it?" The words came slowly out of her throat, that seemed suddenly parched.

"Captain Eben Don."

"What does it mean?—oh, what does it mean?"

But she knew before he answered her. There was a shriek, sharp, but not loud—a shriek that the man thought would have rung through the deafening thunder of a thousand battle-fields.

"He was as brave a fellow as ever fired a musket," he said. "He was shot in the side, and didn't live an hour after it. His boys all loved him. I was one of them, and stuck by him to the last. He gave me this, and made me promise to put it in your hands, and tell you he sent his love with it, and that he was glad even then that he had done just what he had. You mustn't grieve for him either, only feel Heaven was a little nearer now!"

Poor Hannah! In her awful desolation of anguish she was not hearing what the soldier said, she was pulling away the soiled brown papers. There was a little pocket Bible, her last gift to Eben, with a lock of her brown hair trailing inside, and her picture.

"Is this all—all that is left of my Eben?" she said, lifting up her face—not a hint of a tear on it, but something awful there that made him shudder.

"That's all, ma'am. You'd better let me help you up to the house?"

She drooped and swung against him, and he carried her up to the house. Was this all? Oh, strong, tender heart—oh, little cottage with blossoming roses—oh, happy wife, smiling in the morning dews. Was this all?

She thought she should die; but she did not; the days came and went, and her heart did not break. The anguish, the ache and the loneliness, at last grew into a long patience, and so Hannah Brener carries her grief.

So over all the land women carry theirs. Oh, reader, in the joy of our new peace, in the jubilee of our victory, let us not forget the quick and the dead, who paid the great ransom of liberty for the land. We take the "gift," but, oh, what scenes of blood, what slow starvation, what bitter deaths in dungeon strongholds, what sacrifices of all that makes life sweet and lovely, bought the blessedness of the firesides around which we sit to-day!

Among our countrywomen there are many Hannah Brener's, lowly, silent heroines, for whom the years weave no laurels, who have given not their money nor their strength, nor their life, but what was more and greater than all these, even their love, to the war.

SOUL-HARROWING.—"What a soul-harrowing thing that steamboat explosion was!" exclaimed a lady, who had just been reading an account of a recent blow-up. "I know a more *sole*-harrowing thing than that," responded a gentleman, who was limping past. "What can it be?" asked the lady, in surprise. "*Pegs in your boots*," snarled the gentleman, as he limped away.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.

SPLENDID ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS.

UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

MRS. BELLA Z. SPENCER having purchased an interest in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and Mr. EDMUND DEACON having retired from the paper, THE POST passes into the management of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT and ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "THE REFUGEES," "CLARA MOREland," &c., &c.

has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett will begin a continued story in the first number of the New Year. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

THE POST will be edited by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, who will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

SPLENDID LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS:

WILLIAM C. BRYANT,
Author of "Thanatopsis" and other Poems.
FLORENCE PERCY,
Author of "Rock Me to Sleep," &c.
Mrs. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
Author of "This, That, and the Other."
STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD,
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All of the Departments of the paper will be filled—as far as possible—with

ORIGINAL MATTER.

The old friends of THE POST—some of whom have stood by it during the sunshine and storms of Forty years—will thus see that we are determined to be

UNSURPASSED BY ANY COMPETITOR;

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Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different post-offices.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

No. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors inserting the above, or condensing the material portions of it for their columns, shall be entitled to an exchange by mailing us a marked copy.

Gadall Gleanings.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ERAW.

Aunty Scranton Anticipates.

Well, Sook, Sampson has gone, an' what do you guess? He wants me ter marry him right straight off! He can't scurcely wait fur me to make a flying visit up ter Malerky's—ho—what? "Taen he *has* really an' truly axed me ter have 'm?" Of course he has, Sook; an' I'm goin' ter have 'im tew. I *did* think pooty a rongly o' sayin' "yes" to Bijah Lawson tew once, when *he* axed me, 'cause Bijah's smart, an' chances ter marry don't turn up every day; but then I kinder wanted ter keep Sampson in expense awhile; an' besides, I didn't know then as Sampson Whipple ever would speak ter me agin in the world. But now that we've made up an' forgot old differences, an' Sampson has actooally axed me ter marry him, I mean ter hold 'im tew it fast, so ther can't be no backin' out on his part.

What? You think poor Bijah 'll be disa'pinted? Pshaw! 't won't kill 'im, I'll ventur. He can find somebody or 'nother ter marry 'im. But I 'tend ter leave 'im in expense till the tew weeks is up that I told 'im I wanted ter consider upon 't, and by that time I sh'll proberly be Miss Sampson Whipple—the very thing I yuster dream so much o' bein' when I was a gal! Aint it funny that things should turn out so after I'd turned 'im off, an' ben married ter yer par so many year; an' Sampson he'd ben married tew, an' all?

Then jest to think how rich I sh'll be? It's better 'n a novel, I vum it is!

"An' with all my worldly goods I thee endow!" That's in the ceremony, aint it, Sook? and I tell ye it means somethin', when he bridegroom's wuth a hunderd an' fifty thousand dollars! I'll have money anough ter spend when I'm Miss Sampson Whipple—see ef I don't, Sook. "Is the time sot yet?" Lor no, not exactly; but Sampson says it must be immejitly; an' I want ter consult with you about it. I shall go up ter Malerky's ter morrer mornin'; an' as I've broke up, it 'll be altergether best ter have the weddin' up there. Malerky 's got ter give me my weddin' dress, an' make a weddin' fur me, tew. An', Sook, you must come up there 'fore the weddin' comes off, an' stay ter help me fix.

I guess we'd better set the time fur a week from next Sunday night—Sunday 's a good day as any ter get married in—"the better the day, the better the deed;" an' I reckon I sh'll git all my weddin' rig ready by that time. Sampson, he's a comin' up there ter see me next Sunday; an' he says 't *then* I must tell 'im fur sartin jest when the weddin' will be, 'cause he says he aint a goin' ter let me give 'im the slip this time.

Sook, when I git ter be Miss Sampson Whipple, I'm a goin' ter cut a figger or two, now I bid ye. I'll make Sampson buy me new dresses, an' new furnitur, an' everything; an' I'll dress, Sook, as you never dreampt o' dewin' nor seein' me dew. I'll have silk dresses heavy enough to stand alone, an' a hundred-dollar set o' furs, an' the costliest cloaks an' shawls I can git, an' new bonnits jest as often as a new fashion comes up, yes, an' oftener tew, ef I'm a min'ter; an' ef I don't make the hull neighborhood o' Gadall stare, then you guess agin!

I mean ter put Sampson up tew it ter sell or let his farm, an' build a splendid new house in the suburbs o' Gadall, with towers, an' gables, an', an' gingerbread fixin's all round the ruff; an' carriage-drives, an' gravel-walks, an' piazzas, an' bay winders, with little galleries under 'em jest big anough ter set a cheer in; an' all kinds o' trees an' shrubs, an' a founting—there aint no fountings nowher's in Gadall, an' I mean ter have the honor of introdoocin' on 'em. Besides I'll have Sampson buy a splendid span o' hosses, an' a big stylish carriage; an' I'll live a lady, an' make 'im take me out ridin' every day.

I 'tend ter pack off his darter Sally ter boardin' school, ef I can; she may think she's tew old—tho' she can't be more 'n twenty-tew. I wonder she haint never got married yet, I declare I dew. I guess I can stuff 'er up with the idee o' goin' tew a fashionable school, an' polishin' off with music, an' a few slob flummeries, now 't she 's a rich man's darter. I'll manige ter git 'er off tew school, or travellin' some way; an' then I'll have full suing tew hum. I s'pose, as she's kept house fur her par now mebby half-a-dozen year—ever sence he an' 'is wife parted—I s'pose she's sole mistress tew hum, an' doos pooty much as she's a min' ter, with everything; but I shan't have 'er round bossin' *me*, that I shan't, Sook. *I'm* a goin' to be mistress, o' Sampson Whipple's establishmunt myself.

Didn't yer mother Cole feel awful envious when you went down an' told 'er that Sampson Whipple had come here ter see me? I know well enough she did. I telled 'er to-day, while you was gone out up ter the store, about the big fortin that had fell ter Sampson.

But, lor, now she needn't think o' settin' her cap fur Sampson. Tain't o' no mortal use. Sampson wouldn't look at the likes o' her!

Sho, Sook, you needn't flash up so. I haint said nothin' bad about yer mother Cole; she 's all well enough, only she's *poor*. She's smart, in her way, an' dresses decent, an' does a sight o' work; but she's *poor*, Sook, that's all I said about 'er.

TIRED OF MATRIMONY.—A husband and wife, who had lived together for some time, appeared before one of our aldermen, yesterday, and expressed a desire to have articles of separation drawn up. The husband stated that he had no particular objection to his wife, nor did he know that she had much fault to find with him; but the truth was, they were tired of matrimony, and they had, after considering the matter fully, come to a solemn determination to part for ever. He said that he had $6,000 in one of the banks, one half of which he was willing for his wife to have, and she was perfectly willing to accept, and to agree not to trouble him any further. The paper was drawn up as requested, and signed by each. They then separated. Of course, the marriage contract cannot be annulled in any such a manner; but the parties to the agreement may faithfully conform to it.

☞ Some of the French and German journals profess to have learned the particulars of the interview between Queen Victoria and King Leopold, at Ostend. Both were moved to tears; and the King, in touching terms, commended his children, especially the Duke of Brabant and Count of Flanders, to the care of her Majesty, and did not conceal his fear that they might some day, like the sons of Louis Philippe, have to seek an asylum in England.

ISIDORA.

Love took up the Harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that trembling passed in music out of sight.
—*Locksley Hall.*

I.

She sang in Spring of Hope:
In the deep glade of ilex-trees
Fanned by the whisp'ring April breeze,
Adown the sunny emerald slope
She sang the matin-song of Hope,
"He cometh home," she said, "to bring
The roses of a southern spring,
And while I wait for him I sing."

II.

Then gleamed the Summer's sun,
And 'neath the ruddy glow above
She breathed the melody of Love.
Her instrument so sweet and shrill
Waked echoing music sweeter still.
One lay beside her feet—her dress
To clasp with passionate caress
In deep tho' silent tenderness.

III.

While Autumn's softer tint
With russet wreaths strewed gold along—
She sang a fuller, graver song.
Maturer joys of Matronhood
In tranquil tone and fervent mood,
With chastened cadence seemed to fly,
The measure of her minstrelsy,
Its burden peace, not ecstacy.

IV.

But now she sings of Death;
For Winter's solemn, virgin snow
Has crowned with silver that pure brow,
Her lyre still echoes thro' fast tears,
Green memories of by-gone years.
The tenour of her piercing strain
Refined and purified by pain
Foreshadows undimmed joy again.

V.

With patient trust she waits;
Gladness has fled and grief remains,
But yet, among the songster-trains
When entering thro' the Jewelled Gate,
Where harps of gold her steps await,
She, touching that transcendent string,
In all the burst of triumphing,
Will know the key-note, *suffering.*

FABIEN BOSANQUET.

Causes of Suicide.

As long as education, manners, morals, and social intercourse continue as they now are—as long as crimes, murders, and suicides are seductively detailed and daily furnished to the public, through a thousand channels, for the purposes of private gain—as long as the perpetrators of crimes and of homicides are held out, both on the stage and from the press, as heroes of their day—as long as the overflow of moral and religious principles, and the infection or contamination of the public mind, are made objects of gainful speculation, into which persons in place or authority are not considered dishonored by entering—as long as the streams of moral pollution are allowed to flow without either strenuous, or well-directed, or combined efforts to confine or to counteract them—as long as the most instant and efficient agents of self-destruction are sold in every street, at little or no price, and to any purchaser—as long as the struggles of great parties in politics and religion absorb, in connection with the details of every vice and every crime, the public mind, each party endeavoring to depress and ruin the others, without regard to the general weal—as long as provision for the pecuniary wants of the state, and the power and patronage of office, constitute the chief objects of governments—as long as justice is within the reach only of the wealthy, as long as laws protect chiefly the bad, as long as the weak are unshielded, and the deserving unrewarded—as long as

—The whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

shall continue to "puzzle the will"—as long as the lives of all classes are endangered, and their minds distracted, by unprincipled and ignorant pretenders to medical and religious knowledge, who are allowed, and even encouraged, to take advantage of the credulity and fears of the weak-minded—as long, in short, as moral degradation and physical destitution exist, and as long as the safety of the people is *not* the supreme law of the state;—as long as these several conditions of a country continue, and in proportion to their separate and combined influence—so long will suicides be frequent, or even increase.
—*Dr. Copland on Suicidal Insanity.*

Sub Rosa.

The term "under the rose," as implying secrecy had its origin during the year B. C. 477, at which time Pausanias, the commander of the Confederate fleet was engaged in an intrigue with Xerxes for the marriage of his daughter and the subjugation of Greece to the Median rule. Their negotiations were carried on in a building attached to the temple of Minerva, called the Brazen House, the roof of which was a garden forming a bower of roses; so that the plot, which was conducted with the utmost secrecy, was literally matured *under the rose.* It was discovered, however, by a slave, and, as the sanctity of the place forbade the Athenians to force Pausanias out, or kill him there, they finally walled him in and left him to die of starvation. It finally grew to be a custom among the Athenians to wear roses in their hair whenever they wished to communicate to another a secret which they wished to be kept inviolate. Hence the saying, *sub rosa,* among them, and now among almost all Christian nations.

☞ REPOSE OF MANNER.—Gentleness in the gait is what simplicity is in the dress. Violent gestures of quick movements inspires involuntary disrespect. One looks for a moment at a cascade; but one sits for hours, lost in thought, gazing upon the still waters of a lake. A deliberate gait, gentle manner, and a gracious tone of voice—all of which may be acquired—give a mediocre man an immense advantage over those vastly superior to him. To be bodily tranquil, and to speak little, and to digest without effort, are absolutely necessary to grandeur of mind or of presence.

☞ TO PRESERVE THE FLOWERS OF A NOSEGAY.—Let a spoonful of charcoal powder be added to the water, and the flowers will last as long as they would on the plant, without any need of changing the water, or taking any trouble at all.

☞ No state or association will be able to rear so high and noble a monument to the late President Lincoln as Colorado has already. It is Mount Lincoln, and is fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The Theory of Medicated Inhalation.

CONSUMPTION AND ITS CONGNERS—LETTER I.

To the Editors of the Sat. Eve. Post.

GENTLEMEN:—The alarming prevalence and fatality of that melancholy disease, popularly known as *Decline or Consumption*, and the failure of all the usual methods of treatment employed for its prevention and cure, induce us to believe that a series of plain practical *Letters*—on the *causes* by which it is produced, and the best means of arresting its progress and effecting its removal—will be appreciated by all classes.

For the past fifteen years we have devoted ourselves exclusively to the elucidation and treatment of pulmonary complaints, and can therefore speak with confidence of the success of the method of medication we recommend. Every addition to the stock of medical experience is beneficial to mankind, and especially so with reference to the *causes* which produce, the precautions which will *prevent*, and the remedial means which will cure, so great a scourge as consumption. In London, England, alone, this disease each year destroys upwards of ten thousand souls, while in the United States the number of deaths is proportionably great. Taking the published bills of mortality as a guide, we may safely affirm that fully *one-third* of the people of this country are prematurely cut off by consumption and its cognates. These facts establish not only the deep interest which all classes have in the subject of these Letters, but also point out the imperative necessity for some change in the treatment employed. So long as the same course of medication is continued, which has hitherto resulted in disastrous failure, no substantial good can result from the ministrations of the physician. Indeed, the question of prevention and cure is one in which many millions of the present people of America have the interest of life itself.

Consumption is not only the most common and most fatal disease known to our race, but it is also probably the least understood by the public. Notwithstanding all the learned treatises which have appeared, even the best-informed people are still ignorant of the condition of the system in which it takes its rise, and of the early symptoms by which its approach may be known. To instruct the people in these matters has long been the duty of the profession, but not hitherto its policy. The public news-journals may contain speeches, sermons and extracts, from moral, religious and scientific books—articles on government, commerce and the laws of trade—but not a word on the *laws of health.* This negative policy may have added to the social status and dignity of the profession itself, but it undoubtedly has proved most fatal to mankind. Thousands each year lose not only health, but life itself, through the want of knowing those premonitory symptoms, which go before and indicate the inception of disease. Particularly is this true of consumption—a disease which, though marked by distinctive signs, is yet in its early stage unattended by any pain or inconvenience which would induce a patient to seek the advice of a physician.

These considerations have induced us to prepare the following letters on *Catarrh*, Bronchitis, Consumption and Asthma; and, in doing so, to divest our language of technical terms, that they may the more effectually reach those they are intended to benefit. Whatever is *true* and *useful* cannot be too widely circulated. The greatest circulation possible to attain through the columns of a newspaper will still fall far short of reaching all the victims of this desolating disease.

That the usual treatment of consumption has most signally failed, will not, we are sure, be denied, after the frank admission of one of the highest authorities in the profession. Sir James Clark, in the introduction to his work on this disease, says: "*The total inefficacy of all means hitherto adopted for diminishing the frequency or reducing the mortality of this class of disease, is of itself sufficient incitement to us to seek for some other method of remedying the evil.*"

What shall that other means be? On this point it is not improbable that great difference of opinion will arise, but there cannot be any on the necessity for a change if we would accomplish the cure of the disease. We are not vain enough to anticipate universal assent to the views we are about to advance; on the contrary, we are prepared to expect opposition from preconceived ideas and prejudices, and make great allowance for the influence of authority, ever a fruitful source of bias and error in medicine. In all the pursuits of life—in business, politics and religion—in appreciation of objects and estimate of duties—minds equally honest are found irreconcilably opposed, and it is not probable that medical men will in this instance present an exception to the common law. But, however this may be, all wise and good men must sincerely desire the discovery of a remedy for the existing evil. They have seen enough to convince them of the fallacy of basing any hope on the common routine. The experience of the past must have led them seriously to doubt the soundness of the old theories, and it is not, therefore, too much to hope that they will bring to the perusal of these letters a willingness, at least, to be convinced, and a disposition to give a fair trial to the practice recommended.

Our next letter will be on Chronic Catarrh.

We are your obedient servants,

R. & J. HUNTER,

Physicians for Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

NOTE.—Drs. J. Hunter and Ramsay, of the firm of Drs. R. & J. Hunter, of New York, editors of the New York *Journal of Diseases of the Chest*, and founders of the Inhalation system of practice in this country, have opened a *permanent* branch office in Philadelphia, at No. 1328 Chestnut street, where they may be consulted, either personally or by letter, upon all affections of the Throat and Lungs, embracing Catarrh, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption.

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A WORD TO THE BOYS GOING SOUTH.

It would not be strange if, with the change of climate and exposure to which you will be exposed in the land of "Dixie," you should stand in need of some medicine to be used immediately; such a remedy is PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER. The Pain Killer has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost every nation known to Americans. It is the almost constant friend of the missionary and the traveller on sea and land—for the cure of Colds, Coughs, Weak Stomach and General Debility, Indigestion, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaint, Colic, Diarrhea, Cholera, etc. Don't go without a bottle in your knapsacks. To be had at the Drug stores.—*Prescott Journal.* dec2-4t

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Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic, and Diarrhea Pills cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, Maggiel's Salve is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists for 25 cts per box. Sold by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, Philadelphia, sole agents for the State of Pennsylvania. oct28-tf

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SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

sep30-3m

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour continues dull. The week's transactions comprise some 9,000 bbls, mostly taken by the trade, at $7,75@8,50 for superfine; $8,50@9,25 for extras; $9@10 for spring wheat, extra family; $10@11,25 for red Wheat do; and @12@13,50 ₩ bbl for white Wheat fancies. Rye Flour—Sales at $7,25. Buckwheat Meal is selling at $5 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat are light. Sales 32,000 bus, at $2,30@2,40 for common to prime reds; $2,45@2,55 for choice, and $2,50@3 for inferior to very prime white. Rye is unsettled, at $1,10 for Delaware, and $1,15@1,25 for Pennsylvania and Western. Corn—Sales 45,000 bus, at 80@87c for inferior and prime old yellow, 90@95c for new. Oats—Sales 35,000 bus, at 52@54c for Southern and Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS continue dull. Sales barrelled meats at $33@34 for old Mess Pork; $38@39 for new do; $14@18 for Mess Beef, and $12 for Beef Hams. Dressed Hogs are quoted at $16@17 the 100 lbs. Lard is selling at 27½@28½c ₩ lb for bbls and tres. Butter—Prices range at from 28 to 40c for packed; 35 to 50c for roll; choice lots are held at 45@50c. Cheese is selling at 17½@19½c ₩ lb. Eggs are selling at 38@39c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market is rather firmer; sales 1100 bales at from 45 to 56c for ordinary to good middling quality.

BARK—The market is quiet, sales of 100 hhds Quercitron at $32½ for 1st No 1.

BEESWAX—Good yellow is held at 50c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market is unsettled and drooping. Prices range at $8½@9½ ₩ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—Sales Rio at 29@32½c, currency.

FEATHERS—Sales of Western at 90@95c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Sales at $5@6 for Apples; and $10@15 ₩ bbl for Cranberries. Dried fruit, sales of Apples at 14@17c, and Peaches at 25@35c ₩ lb, as in quality.

HAY is steady at $15@18 ₩ ton.

HOPS move off at 35@65c for old and new.

IRON—The market is steady, and Pig Metal in fair demand. Sales range at $42@45 for No 3, $47@48 for No 2, and $50@51 for No 1 Anthracite.

LUMBER—The market is less active; sales are mostly confined to rafted Hemlock at $16@18 ₩ M.

OILS—Petroleum—Sales 20,000 bbls at 30@35c for Crude, and 60@65c for refined, in bond. Free Oil is selling at 80@84c.

PLASTER—Sales at $4 ₩ ton.

RICE—The market is quiet, at 9½@10½c for East India, and 12½@13½c for Carolina.

SEEDS—Sales of Cloverseed at $7@8 ₩ bus for common to prime, and Flaxseed at $3,15 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is selling at $2,45@2,50. Whiskey—Sales at $2,45@2,40 for bbls, and $2,44@2,50 for drudge.

TALLOW is quiet, at 14@14½c ₩ lb for rendered.

WOOLS—The market is unsettled. Sales are reported at 60@65c for medium, and 69@72c for fine. Low Wools at 42½@50c, and tub at 66@67c ₩ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from 16@17 cts ₩ lb. Sheep—650 head were disposed of at from 5½@7½c ₩ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $15,00@17,50 ₩ 100 lbs. 75 Cows brought from $50 to 80 ₩ head.

MR. STAFFORD'S CELEBRATED PRESCRIPTION, which is curing thousands of every form of affliction, will be sent to any address on receipt of 3 cents to pay postage. Address HARKER BENNETT, 422½ Broadway, Y. Y. no11-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th of Nov., by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN WITLOCK to Miss LETITIA JOHNSON, both of this city.

On the 16th of Nov., by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. ENOCH JILLARD to Miss LYDIA M. EVANS, both of this city.

On the 16th of Nov., by the Rev. J. M. Alday, Mr. ALBERT HAVERSTICK to Miss RACHEL A. YARDLEY, daughter of the late Jas. B. Yardley, of this city.

On the 16th of Nov., by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. TITUS CRAWSHAW to Miss ELIZA HEFFRON, both of this city.

On the 16th of Nov., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. ROBERT B. LILLEY to Miss MARY J. SPEARMAN, both of Chester county, Pa.

On the 19th of Nov., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, JOHN A. MAGUIRE to Miss SALLIE E. OGDEN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st of Nov., JAMES BELFORD, in his 39d year.

On the 20th of Nov., Miss MARTHA LINDSEY, in her 61st year.

On the 20th of Nov., Capt. JOSIAH DOUGLASS, aged 55 years.

On the 20th of Nov., Mrs. LOUISA PURVES, in her 40th year.

On the 19th of Nov., JOHN R. THOMPSON, in his 37th year.

On the 19th of Nov., Mrs. MARTHA MOORE, aged 35 years.

On the 18th of Nov., WILLIAM HUGHES, aged 71 years.

On the 18th of Nov., WILLIAM G. GAMBLE, in his 29th year.

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Established in 1840. Family Dry Goods Store.
FULL STOCK OF FALL GOODS.
SHAWLS OF ALL KINDS.
DRESS GOODS, FULL LINE.
MEN AND BOYS' WEAR.
BLANKETS, SHEETINGS, DAMASKS, &c., &c.
mar18-1y

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HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table, - - - - - $55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, - - - 62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table, - - $65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, - - 72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, - - 80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, - - - - 100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, - - 100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table, - - - - $75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut, - - - 82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, - - 90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, - - - - 110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, - - 110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The DECEMBER number of this favorite magazine is a superb one. The leading steel engraving, in illustration of the text,

"Children's children are the crown of old men,
And the glory of children are their fathers;"

is one that will go home to many hearts. The engraved title-page is truly beautiful—it is a gem of art. It represents The Past and The Future—while, around,

"The little birds sing East, and the little birds sing West,"

to use a well-known line from Mrs. Browning's beautiful "Rhyme of the Duchess May." The Double Colored Steel Fashion Plate for this number will be pronounced by the ladies "superb," or else we are very greatly mistaken. Then there are engravings of the new fashions in jackets, cloaks, embroidery, coiffures, bonnets, &c. The following is the

LIST OF CONTENTS.

STEEL PLATE—FRONTISPIECE—The Past and The Future.
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ILLUSTRATIONS:
Only a Child—Children's Fashions—Little Girls' Fashions—Ivy Wreath for Silk Embroidery—Talma—Paletot or Promenade Jacket—Spanish Jacket—Cossque with Hood.
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OVER SEA. By FLORENCE PERCY.
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1865. FALL. 1865.

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FOR 1866.

It is with pleasure we are able to announce a much larger circulation for the "Home Magazine" during the year 1865 than it has ever before attained; and also a more heartily expressed approval, by subscribers and the press, of its tone and character. During the next year we shall bring into its pages a still MORE VIGOROUS LITERARY LIFE—A HIGHER EXCELLENCE—A BROADER SPIRIT, and a more earnest advocacy of All Things Pure and Noble.

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ONE FLAG, ONE DESTINY!

This is the motto of our Government; and its champions

GRANT AND SHERMAN

are writing it in words of fire on the

BATTLE CLOUD.

In the meantime, throughout the whole land

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE

is winning its silent victories, changing rebellious reds, grays and yellows into rich blacks and browns, and converting, in a moment, unsightliness into beauty.

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS impart certain expulsive powers to all matters in the body whose life is below the standard of the surrounding parts, or which have remained longer than the time nature designed. So in fevers and all that class of cases which soon run into mortification. BRANDRETH'S PILLS have marvellous curative qualities. Our bodies are continually changing, and it is by this change we live. Should matter remain in organs beyond the time nature designed, pain and inflammation set in, which is nothing more than a preparatory effort for our good. All Brandreth's Pills are supposed from the results to do is simply

ASSISTING THESE EFFORTS OF NATURE.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

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Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. nov18-2teow

WIT AND HUMOR.

NEIGHBOR BEN ADAMS.

An Original Imitation.

Neighbor Ben Adams (may his shadow grow!)
Awoke, one night, not many weeks ago,
And saw within his little shanty's room,
Making a twinkle in the midnight gloom,
A fellow with a lantern in his hand.
Exceeding drink Ben Adams's slumbers fanned;
But when he got awake, he thus spoke out:
"Hullo, old fellow! what'n thunder ye 'bout?"
The loafer turned the lantern toward the bed,
And, in a voice not very mellow, said:
"Shut up your tater-trap, you sleepy nincom!
I'm writing them as pays the biggest income."
"And ain't I one?" said Ben, by way of joke;
"Not by a jag-full," then the stranger spoke.
"Well, then," said Adams, with a simple smile,
"Write me down one of them as deals in ile."
The loafer up and mizzled, and, next night,
He came again with the same streak of light,
And showed the names of wealthy citizens;
And lo! the first upon the list was Ben's!

J. F. K.

The following anecdote exhibits the late Emperor of Russia in a new character, as well as records one of the most happy escapes from an awkward position that wit and presence of mind might afford:

Some years ago, there was a very celebrated comic actor at St. Petersburg, named Martinoff. He had the most extraordinary powers of imitation, and was so great a favorite with the public as sometimes to venture interpolations of his own, instead of following the advice of Hamlet to his players, to "speak no more than is set down for them." The Emperor had a High Chamberlain, or person filling a similar office, named Poloffsky. Whether for fun or malice, Martinoff, while performing, contrived to let fly some puns against this great man, which were warmly received by the audience. The consequence was, that as soon as the play was over, the actor found himself in the custody of a guard of soldiers, who took him to prison, where he was told he was to be confined for a fortnight. Not content with this, Poloffsky either told the Emperor himself, or contrived that it should come to his ears, that the player had actually had the presumption to indulge in imitations of his imperial majesty.

On his liberation, Martinoff went to pay his respects as usual; and the Emperor told him of the accusation, which he denied.

"Well," said the Emperor, "if you never did so, let me have an imitation of myself now. We know you can do so if you choose."

This was an awkward and dangerous position for the poor actor, who felt he should get into trouble for falling short of or overdoing the character. Still the autocrat was determined, and there was no escape. Suddenly a bright thought struck the actor; and, drawing himself up, he assumed the exact bearing and manner of the Emperor, and in a voice which made every one present start, said:

"Poloffsky! give Martinoff (himself) a thousand silver roubles!"

"Stop," said the Emperor; "I have heard quite enough. The imitation is admirable, but the entertainment promises to be too expensive; give him the roubles, Poloffsky; and now mind, sir, let this be the last time you ever dare to mimic me, here or elsewhere."

It is, of course, unnecessary to say, Martinoff was too glad to pocket the money and escape so well.

LINES TO MY UMBRELLA.

Ah! what is that companion dumb
That autumn, winter, spring, or summer, I should always have? My umBerella!

But, ah! too oft when showers come
What is't, as Yankees say, "at hum"
That I have left behind? My umBerella!

What does too oft a loan become
To friends whose honesty is numb?
(Friendship meets no return.) My umBerella!

Henceforth, then, foul or fair, by gum!
Whether or no they hoist the drum,
I'll never part from thee, my umBerella!

Henceforth, too, I'll my latest crumb,
My latest drop, my fortune's sum,
Give to my friend—but not my umBerella!

Perfection.—A French preacher was once descanting from the pulpit with great eloquence on the beauties of creation. "Whatever," said he, "comes from the hands of Nature is complete. She forms everything perfect." One of his congregation, very much deformed, and having a very large hump, went up to him at the close of his discourse, and asked, "What think ye of me, holy father? am I perfect?" To which the preacher replied, very coolly: "Yes, for a hump-backed man, quite perfect?"

During the prevalence of the late angular eclipse, an enthusiastic colored individual in Norfolk, Va., became greatly elated. "Bress de Lord," said he, "nigger's time hab come at last,—he's free, and now we gwine to hab a black sun,—surely de Master of glory am wid de colored folks."

Respectable.—"I think you must allow," said a pompous gentleman, "that my jests are very fair." "Sir, your jests are like yourself," was the quick retort; "their age renders them respectable."

Books.—Sterne used to say, "The most accomplished way of using books is to serve them as some people do lords, learn their titles, and then brag of their acquaintance."

Some say that the quickest way to destroy "weeds" is to marry a widow. It is no doubt a most delightful species of husbandry.

If a shoemaker, in approaching his *end*, *waxes* cold and gives up his *awl*, what will become of his *sole* if he cannot breathe his *last*?

Who was the first little boy mentioned in the Bible? Chap 1.

"Our Mutual Friend."—Money.

THE NEW VENTILATING HAT.

Small Boy (to perspiring policeman).—"Please, sir, shall I fetch the Injin? You're afire!"

A Lucid Explanation.—An Englishman, travelling in the south of Ireland, overtook a peasant travelling the same way. "Who lives in that house on the hill, Pat?" said the traveller. "One Mr. Cassidy, sir," replied Pat; "but he's dead, rest his soul!" "How long has he been dead?" asked the gentleman. "Well, your honor, if he'd lived till next month, he'd be dead just twelve months." "Of what did he die?" "Troth, sir, he died of a Tuesday."

A widow, who had just lost her husband, was weeping bitterly for the dear departed. A friend tried to console her. "No, no," said the fair mourner, "let me have my cry out; after that I shan't think anything about it."

☞ Birmingham physiologist, one Dr. Bennet, has started the theory that there are six senses instead of five. "If," says the doctor, "two cubes gilded over to look alike, and made of the same temperature—the one lead, the other wood—be laid before a man, none of his five senses will tell him which is wood, which is lead. He must feel their weight; and it seems as if physiologists would have eventually to agree to call this, the sense of weight, the sixth sense."

☞ The Reason Why.—The wedding ring is put upon the "fourth" finger of the woman's left hand, because, it is said, in the original formulary of marriage it was placed first on the top of the thumb, with the words:—"In the name of the Father;" then on the next finger, with the words:—"And of the Son;" then on the middle finger, with:—"And of the Holy Ghost;" and finally on the fourth, with the "Amen."

☞ A retired officer, aged seventy, at Quevrain, in Belgium, wrote a letter, stating that the brilliancy of the sun rendered life insupportable, and then committed suicide.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Ammonia Traps.

It is now very generally understood, even by farmers who make no great pretensions to agricultural science, that ammonia is so essential an element of plant life and its better development, that its presence in agricultural economy is everywhere indispensable. It is also almost as universally known that ammonia, being a volatile alkali, is unreliably erratic, having a habit of flying up and off at every available opportunity, so that in almost all instances in sinks, stables, barn-yards and deposits of animal manures, a large proportion of the material flies away in the atmosphere, and its direct use as a fertilizing agent becomes lost.

The urine of all graminiverous animals, especially that of the horse, affords a large percentage of ammonia, which being in an essentially volatile form, separates readily from the liquid after its evacuation, and being as readily taken up by the atmosphere, is drifted hither and thither—a great deal of it entirely beyond the reach of its legitimate proprietor.

A very simple and efficient trap to catch the volatile material in water-closets, stables, and all close sheds in which cattle are kept, may be constructed in this manner:

Make shallow boxes—say six inches deep, and of any convenient size, using for the bottom fine wire cloth, any old screen with fine meshes, coarse, "slazy" crash cloth, home-made wicker-work of twigs—any material that will hold bran and admit air freely. Have a close-fitting cover—unfastened; fill the boxes with saw-dust, wheat or buckwheat bran, or the fine chaff of grain, lay on the cover, and fix them up overhead, clear of every interference in stables, sheds, and over the ventilators of water-closets.

The volatile ammonia having an affinity for all of the above-mentioned absorbents readily enters the trap by the open work bottom, is laid hold of by the material within, and is at once finely fixed for future usefulness. In close stables, where several horses are kept, the saw-dust, bran, or chaff, will absorb the ammonia to the extent of its capacity in about three weeks, when the boxes should be emptied into tight barrels or boxes—closely covered, and filled with fresh material.

By this simple means a large amount of valuable fertilising material may be cheaply secured, and at the same time the atmosphere of stables, privies, and close cattle sheds very greatly improved, rendering them habitable and wholesome.

Cabbage Stumps.

Yesterday, in passing one of our near-town truck farms—within sight of the State House bell tower, we saw whole cart-loads—and a good many of them, too, we guessed, tossed over the fence into the highway to tempt straggling cattle, and perhaps choke to death somebody's half starved cow, cutting off the children's scanty supply of milk.

It is a slovenly, wasteful, wicked practice, Mr. Truck farmer. There are several other, and far better uses to which cabbage stumps may be put, other than pitching them out into the road in that manner. First—*Compost* them. Stick as many as you can at a time into a big kettle, heads down, and boil them half an hour—water is cheap, and you are not hurried with work just now. Transfer the boiled stumps—water and all to the compost heap—fill the boiler again, and while the second mess is cooking, bury the first under six inches of good light loam. Continue the practice until the last stump is disposed of. It is profitable. Fifty times better economy than pitching them out into the road. Every cabbage stump thus treated will pay you a hundred and fifty per cent. on the investment. Not a stump of the whole lot is there that does not contain four times the elements of future fertility than the head it bore did.

Next—if the cabbages cut from those stumps are of superior quality—such as every truck farmer ought to produce, select the stoutest, most robust stumps—four or five hundred will not be too many, store them away in some cool, dry place, free from frost, and in the spring have them out and in the ground in some corner where they will be little in the way—as early as practicable. You know how eagerly early greens are sought after in all our city markets, and how readily they are sold.

Nice, tender cabbage sprouts, and miniature heads from last year's stumps are ten times easier produced than the Collard, Kale, Cauliflower, or Broccoli—in almost all out-door culture in this country quite equal to any of them.

Then there is the seed—which with good care, cultivation and careful gathering will be a bountiful and largely remunerative crop. There is always a scarcity of really good, reliable cabbage seed, and if you will produce that which is such, both the seedsmen, and your neighbors will purchase of you at a paying profit. And then after all you have the little cabbage stump parade-ground cleared for a fall crop, and the stumps still valuable for composting. Don't pitch your cabbage stumps out into the roads.

Pleura Pneumonia.

After all the fuss and fright, and investigation in England touching the causes and cure of this insidious cattle plague, there seems to have been no perceptible progress made either in modes of prevention, successful treatment, or the means of exterminating the destroyer in districts where it has established its rule.

Cattle half dead with the disease are driven to Smithfield Market, and die there by dozens, contaminating the atmosphere, and communicating the foul plague to kindred cattle to be introduced into districts not before infected.

Our New England neighbors, by the concerted action of Legislatures, agricultural societies, town councils, communities, and private individuals, are a great deal more sensible than our Old England neighbors. In New England the rule is to eradicate the disease by the extermination of the animal exhibiting even questionable symptoms of it. That is correct. It is better to slaughter a hundred head of cattle really innocent of Pneumonia, their owners to be reimbursed by the Commonwealth or community, than to permit one case to become contagiously developed. Just as it is the better policy to slay, without mercy, fifty doubtful curs, than to permit one rabid animal to run at large, endangering human life.

As no successful mode of treating the disease seems as yet to have been discovered, the New England preventive is the only safe rule—non-intercourse—quarantine—kill, disinfect, and exterminate, until the scourge becomes extinct.

But as it is absolute heresy against common sense and medical science to suppose that God has inflicted upon either mankind or the brute creation a malady that no remedial agent can successfully combat, the natural inference is, that the cattle plague can be cured, and as all its systematic developments are analagous to those of typhoid pneumonia in the human subject, what reason is there why it may not be just as successfully treated by a resort to the same remedies?

December Duties.

There are four-score things that every husbandman may find to do during this cold, blowy, blustering, frigid, unamiable month of December, all of which will turn to good account in his pocket and the comfort of himself, family, and four-footed dependents. Of course we cannot in three paragraphs enumerate more than four things on the long list. But then the doing of these will suggest others, just as thought begets thought, and the whole will come in by a natural drift. Perhaps by making brevity the rule, we may glance at a few more than four "December Duties."

Saw up, split, and pile away under cover, a winter's supply of fire-wood. Improve the condition of that hen-house; make it cosy, warm, and comfortable—biddy will pay you liberally in eggs. Clean out, cover over, and chink up the pen for store hogs. It will put on pork wonderfully. There's half-a-dozen broken and missing slats in those cattle-racks—a woful waste of hay. Attend to that matter. Cut down, and cut up into fire-wood that half-dead old "Lombardy;" grub out the stump, and make a place for a better tree. The great gate don't swing to and shut well, and the bottom hinge requires repairing. Do that directly. When it storms, take to the tool-house, and take every farm and garden implement in hand. See that they are all in order; knock off dirt, rub off rust, and rub on a little oil. It is a good investment. That job done, you are mechanic enough to shave out a swingle-tree, put a handle to a hoe, mattock, or whitewash brush. Make a garden-reel for yourself, and a clothes-line reel for your wife. And every long, December evening, read aloud to your family, so that all may learn, the best agricultural books and papers. You will be a happier man and better farmer for the practice.

RECEIPTS.

Original.

Boiling Potatoes.

The lady authoress of "Uncle Tom," and divers other popular publications, has been writing a homily on cooking potatoes. I should like to know if Mrs. Stowe does really boil potatoes herself? I do; and I have long since known better than to pare my potatoes raw and then dowse them naked into water red hot—boiling at two hundred and ninety horse-power. That is *one* way to boil potatoes certainly, but not the proper one by a very long way. Philosophy, common sense, and a month or two of practical experience over the dinner pot, teach us a great deal better than that.

My dear madam, don't you know that about six-tenths of all the starch that a potato affords, is deposited so near the surface, that however carefully we may pare the tubers in a raw state, we are sure to throw away the greater portion of that very material that we eat potatoes for? Then, if we toss our potatoes into boiling water, unprotected by their overcoats, we have set in a second, and hopelessly incorporated with the mass, that semi-volatile principle which gives the ill-cooked potato its slightly acrid something insipid, and always objectionable flavor.

Any thoroughly potato-bred Irish woman would as soon think of committing regicide, as boiling her potatoes undressed in the manner recommended by our literary lady cook. And there are no better potatoes, or potato cooks, anywhere in this world than there are in Ireland.

I tell you, fellow-housekeepers everywhere, that the correct way to cook a potato in any country, provided boiling is the determination, is to wash it clean firstly—let it lie in clean, cold water two hours—ten is all the better—place it in cold water in the pot, without paring, boil moderately until the test-fork goes smoothly through the potato without encountering a mite of core. Then drain off the water, set the pot over the fire, uncovered, for five minutes, after which whip off Mr. Potato's jacket in a hurry, and send him to the table in a close cover, piping hot—or if you are not over-fashionable and fastidious, it is preferable to serve "murphy" in his coat.

Please follow this formula a few times, and if you shall find it a pernicious practice, you shall be at liberty to consider Madeline as competent to write a readable romance, as she is to cook a potato.

Treatment of Erysipelas.

Dissolve sulphite of soda in the proportion of ten grains of the salt to a gill of soft water. Saturate lint, or fine cotton wadding with the solution, and lay it over and an inch or so beyond the surface affected. Cover this with oiled silk such as hatters use, and suffer the application to remain on the surface until the eruption disappears, which will generally be within twenty-four hours.

To remove the disease from the system, eat freely of stewed cranberries slightly sweetened, and drink frequently for ten days of cranberry ade, made by crushing the berries, adding cold water, and sweetening exactly like lemonade.

Madeline.

Selected.

Dressing for Chicken Salad.—Take any pieces of cold veal—the white meat only—chop it very fine, and the white meat of any cold chicken, and two heads of celery, chopped; boil an egg hard, throw it into cold water, rub the yolk smoothly; beat the yolk of an egg very light and stir it into the rubbed yolk, a teaspoonful of dry mustard, a tablespoonful of olive oil stirred in well, a little cayenne and salt, and four large spoonsful of good vinegar. Mix the meat into this mixture, and put it into a glass bowl; over this pour one quart of the liquor in which calves' feet have been boiled, with all the fat removed and nicely seasoned; let it be cold, but before it begins to jelly pour it over the mixture; stir it well through, and let it stand until it jellies; then stick all over the top pieces of fringed celery.

Bologna Sausages.—Chop very finely ten pounds of lean, juicy beef, two pounds and a half of fat fresh pork cut into very small pieces with a knife—not chopped—a quarter of an once of pounded mace, the same of pounded cloves, and two ounces of ground black pepper; mix these well, stuff this mixture lightly into the straight gut of the beef; make each one about twelve inches in length, and tie both ends closely. Put them into a ham brine for four or five days, and then press it for a day or two to make it firm, and smoke for a week. They must be kept in a dry place, and improved by age, and when a year old they are excellent.

Lemon Pudding.—Stir to a cream, one pound of butter, and one pound of sugar; grate in the oily rind of three fresh lemons, and squeeze in the juice; mix this in with the butter and sugar; beat very lightly the yolks of eleven eggs; add to the butter and sugar one wineglass of wine and brandy mixed, with one wine-glass of rose-water; beat these in well; lastly, stir in the eggs. Line the dishes with puff paste, and bake half an hour. It is most economical to make lemon and cocoanut puddings on the same day, as the yolks can be used for the lemon pudding, and they will keep for several days if kept in a cool, dry place.

Almond Pudding.—Blanch by pouring hot water on half a pound of best almonds; rub them in a mortar with rose-water to prevent their oiling; they must be rubbed to a smooth paste; cream half a pound of good butter, and half a pound of white sugar; when quite smooth and light, stir in the almond; then add one wine-glass of wine and brandy mixed, and one wine-glass of rose-water; then beat separately the whites from the yolks of seven eggs; first stir in the yolks, and then the whites, beat all well together, line the dishes with puff paste, and bake as long as a custard only.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.
My 16, 5, 20, 28, 8, 15, is a writer.
My 33, 23, 13, 19, 20, 27, is one of the heavenly bodies.
My 12, 32, 4, 24, is a favorite flower.
My 31, 7, 13, 5, 14, 9, 12, is a vessel used for drinking purposes.
My 22, 28, 30, we could not do without.
My 1, 17, 3, 7, 22, 27, is a worshipper of the sun.
My 19, 29, 21, 11, 27, 26, means reversed.
My 23, 17, 12, 21 is a measure.
My 30, 22, 10, 10, is a hook.
My 25, 9, 29, 34, is to let out.
My 33, 11, 11, 18, is something black.
My 31, 17, 24, 15, means stop.
My 8, 28, 6, 27, 24, 23, is a Major-General.
My 5, 14, 17, 1, 26, is the name of a distinguished Ohioan.
My whole is what I advise my neighbors to do.

Newtown, O. R. T.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 9, 4, 3, is a prison.
My 2, 6, is a personal pronoun.
My 1, 5, 3, 4, 9, is a girl's name.
My 7, 5, 12, 11, is the Spanish name for priest.
My 10, 8, 9, 3, is an amphibious animal.
My 12, 4, 7, 11, is an article of food.
My 3, 9, 7, is a gum.
My whole was a celebrated Roman. S. H. G.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I was born in a minute,
I flew in the air;
I lodged with the linnet,
I crept in a hair.

I'm seen in the river,
With the crocodile bold;
I'm always in a shiver,
Tho' never am cold.

I revel in riches,
With diamonds I shine;
Oft fall in the ditches,
When happy with wine.

I always delight
In Liberty's name;
In sunshine and night,
I'm always the same.

I'm put in the sieve,
And sifted like lime;
I shall ne'er cease to live,
Till the death of old Time.

Steeles, Ia. JOHN C. OCHITREE.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a kind of grain.
My second is an exclamation.
My third is a bird.
My fourth was a Roman ruler.
My whole is a city of South America.

LEW. SINGLETON.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is the name of the human race.
My second is a part of the body.
My third signifies "to do wrong."
My whole is an important city of England.

S. H. G.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—the abscissa and double ordinate of a maximum parabola inscribed in a semicircle whose radius is 12? REUBEN BARTO.

Pine Grove, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find four whole numbers such, that the difference of every two of them shall be a square number.

JAMES M. GREENWOOD.

Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Which, on the face of the earth, is the best place for a sleeping infant? Ans.—The Rocky Mountains.

☞ Why does a salmon die before it lives? Ans.—Because its existence is *one* before it comes to life.

☞ What is the merriest Sunday in the year? Ans.—*Wit* Sunday.

☞ What quadrupeds are admitted to balls, operas, and dinner parties? Ans.—White kids.

☞ Why is a person annoyed by a fool like one who falls into the sea? Ans.—Because he is a man over-bored.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Edward Everett. ENIGMA—Universal suffrage. RIDDLE—Missouri. TRIPLE REBUS—Ash, Red, Tax, (Art, Sea, Hindoos) CHARADE—Alleghany, (Al, Leo, Gay, Knee.)

The Problem given by Augustus, published June 10th, is impossible of solution. Gill Bates and Jas. M. Greenwood.

Answer to Gill Bates's Problem, Sept. 23d, 226153980 and 176683049. Morgan Stevens, J. N. Soders, and G. B.

To Morgan Stevens, same date, 11 and 2, or 83 and 11, or 89 and 7. Gill Bates and M. S.

Answer to David Wickersham's, same date.
Angular point in A B is 4¼ feet from B and 1¼ feet from A, angular point in A C is 5½ feet from C and 1½ feet from A, angular point in B C is 4 13-16 feet from C and 2 3-16 feet from B. David Wickersham and J. M. Soders.

A Difficult Test.—A woman in St. Louis killed her husband because he pulled her hair. It is sometimes difficult for a husband to tell whose hair he is pulling when he clutches that on his wife's head.